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Sunday, Dec. 5, 1937



WAGNER'S GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG—THE THREE NORNS

Themes of the Operas by Andre

IN THE prelude to the opera the three Norns, the Norse goddesses of Fate, sit by the rock of the Valkyries, the warrior-maidens, spinning the threads of Destiny. The web breaks and they foretell the burning of Valhalla and the end of the gods. The Norns disappear into the earth, into the arms of the Earth Mother, and thus is the scene portrayed here by Andre. To save the gods, Siegfried, the mighty hero, gives Brunhilde, a Valkyrie, a magic ring. Gunther, a wicked king, wants the ring and bewitches Siegfried into wooing Brunhilde for the king. Siegfried brings Brunhilde to Gunther and is then killed by Hagen, a sorcerer, who also wants the ring. Brunhilde loved Siegfried and mourns his funeral pyre. All Valhalla bursts into flames and the "twilight of the gods" settles over the earth.

Prisoners of the Sea

"SOMEONE walls do not a prison make," goes the English verse, but those who are in jail find little comfort in the assurance. "New England has reversed this phrase," it runs a prison without walls. At least the prison had no walls until recently, and even now its walls are without bars, bolts or locks.

It has none of the usual prison equipment even though it is heavily endowed and can afford whatever it wants. The prison guards are not guards at all, they do not wear uniforms and they do not patrol the yards. There is no night watchman, the gates are left open, and so are the windows. Even the doors of the bedrooms in which the prisoners sleep are left ajar.

The members of the prison work on the grounds and if they arrive to work late they are docked just as they would be in regular industry. They earn wages for what they do and only when they are too careless about their work are they "fired" from the payroll. Then they have to work without wages.

The prisoners even pay income tax out of their pay, and this tax, deducted from the wage sheet of each worker, goes into a common fund for games, sports and other amusements. If a member cares to, he can also join an insurance benefit and then he will be paid during illness even though he does not work.

Yet, with all this freedom, the prisoners do not seem to want to run away from the fantastic jail in which they live. This, the new Boralist institution at Lowham Grange, Nottinghamshire, England, is not for ordinary criminals, however, but only for the "honorable" members of the underworld. Even before the new buildings were up, the prisoners, then 43 in number, were quite complete. For two years they worked in the open, and their trusts at night without guards and at a good distance from their supervisors' tent.

But the "prisoners" were on their honor, having signed



Unlike the usual prison the institution at Lowham Grange, England, has no armed guards, no cells with bars, and the main gate is always open. The Contented Prisoners Never Try to Escape.

little cards that read: "Because of the trust put in me, I promise, on my honor, to do my best to keep up the good name of Lowham Grange." Not one of them violated that trust.

In truth, they had little to gain by running away, and they had everything to lose. Here they were, in the country in shorts and with open shirts and no sign that they were convicts. It was a pleasant outdoor life, and food was guaranteed and pocket money besides. With the quality of their food and the other benefits, it is perhaps not surprising that in the last seven years the community they finally built has multiplied five times in population, and there is a long waiting list of criminals who hope to "cash" the necessary terms that will enter them into this "college" among prisons.

The name to which the occupants of Boralist Prison can direct their thanks for their strange prison is that of Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, who more than 20 years ago began his fight for "social redemption" of young criminals which is only now seen in his death bearing fruit in the marvelous new community. It was his idea to save promising young men from the jails and prevent them from making crime their life-work.

He was to be sure, bitterly attacked for trying to "educate" crooks and to give them further chance in evading the law, but carried away by his convictions he pressed on until in July, 1962, a gang of young criminals between the ages of 16 and 21 was collected and the experiment began. They were then still handicapped and in chains and surrounded by strongly armed and plainly uniformed guards as they marched to Boralist. But by 1960 prisoners who entered the "Boralist" system of rehabilitation could not be recognized as jailbirds at all. At last came the expedition into the green hills and woods of Nottinghamshire to build a community for themselves and the result was a village of unusual charm. They put all their effort into it because it was to be their dwelling place, they were building for themselves and to make the experiment work. Three quarters of a million dollars had been provided for the experiment.

The rules of the institution are congenial. Members have a choice of learning any one of a dozen trades. But perhaps most curious of all, the housemaster in this "college" for criminals live, eat and sleep on an equal basis with their charges. They educate the young men in morals and ethics and provide for their studies and games, encourage those they live with by personal example, and are supposed to know each had personally and get all to cooperate. The prisoners regard them not as enemies but as friends.

How, one might obviously ask, can a crook get into the Boralist institution? It isn't so much a matter of luck or skill as it is a matter of passing entrance examinations. The exams are literally that, for it is psychologists who do the examining. A board of these experts spends six months in testing each prospect before making a decision. Thus, the original 43 to no more than 100 can stay in this fantastic jail, after that one has to go out and face the world again, presumably as a useful citizen.

It has been found that an average of two years to remind the character of those who enter the Boralist, and of the "graduates," 85 per cent make good, which might be considered a fair number of successes for any "university." Three years is the maximum length one can stay in this fantastic jail, after that one has to go out and face the world again, presumably as a useful citizen.

How Real Life Can Be Disguised As A Wedding

ALL down the glass table, laughter chimed with the clink of glasses as toasts were tossed off in honor of the bride and groom. It was the wedding of Maria Skibich and Gabriel Landherr that was being celebrated in the tiny village of Gador, near the Hungarian border in Yugoslavia.

There was Gypsy music, and as much wine as anybody could ask for, and tongues were soon loosened by it to exchange the usual pleasantries about marriage. A profusion of flowers gave the most lavish touch a meal that had been prepared at the expense of the happy groom, a wealthy farmer. He had good reason to be pleased, for Maria was the local belle.

His conquest was all the more pleasing because the girl had been practically engaged to another young man named Protich. But fortunately Protich had been called away to finish his military service, which is compulsory for able youths in Yugoslavia as it is in so many European countries. He had been sent away to a garrison in a remote part of Southern Yugoslavia, but went home after a few days.

A year would soon be over, he thought, and Maria would be waiting for him when he came back. In Protich's absence, however, Landherr pressed his suit, and the wedding took place in good effect. The pretty girl soon accepted Protich, for much can happen in a year. Penmanship was not a strong point with either Jovan or Maria, so letters had been few and far between.

At the wedding feast, Landherr persuaded perhaps by the excellence of the food, the guests agreed that the new match was more to the advantage of Maria. The young man she used to go with, it was pointed out in whispers at the end of the table, was poor, he could not have given her the comfort that this wonderful meal suggested Landherr could give. Jovan was only a laborer, an orphan boy without any land, and it was not as if Maria's change of heart had been altogether selfish. She had half a dozen brothers and sisters with small prospects, and now she could help them.

The villagers readily forgot how they had been upset by Protich and his girl, and they were soon back to work in much love and when they walked out together. Nobody imagined then that Maria would marry another.

But here was the wedding feast in progress and every body was to be married. One who could not take it for granted, however, was Protich, the jilted youth. He had returned to his native village unannounced the evening before. Closing with the prospect of seeing his Maria again, he stopped off at the village tavern on his way from the station to get a drink and hear the news. He could hardly believe his ears when an old friend greeted him with, "So she couldn't wait for you, could she?"

Then Protich learned how Maria was preparing to marry Landherr the next day. Others congratulated him and he fled out of the "Black Eagle" saloon, filled with misery and hatred.

Suddenly There Was A Dazzling Blast. Flames Spread Over The Tables and Benches. When the Wedding Guests Recovered Their Nerves They Dragged Out Eight Inconscious Victims, Two of Them Dead.

When the heat of the fire had penetrated to the pigs' inside, it exploded, and the result was tragedy. It was easy enough to put two and two together and identify Jovan Protich as the one who was responsible. The night watchman's evidence, coupled with that of the tavern witnesses, was conclusive. There was no doubt as to his motives. He wanted revenge of Maria and his fortune rival. When the disaster was explained angry villagers organized a mob to find Protich, but he was already on the night before after preparing the terrible trick. The police came first to trace him, and they think they may have caught him in the end.

The bride and her husband escaped injury.

Seven-year-old niece, Katie Kovacic, was crushed to death. To cause further confusion, the stable horse, terrified by the sound of the explosion, ran amuck. A farm laborer, an elderly couple, and a young man were killed from galloping out among the guests.

Those who were unhurt gathered their wits about them enough to issue the lingering flames and to drag the unconscious victims and the two dead out. An investigation was ordered at once by the police and gradually they pieced together what had happened. Somebody had stuffed the pig, which was ready for roasting the day before, with a handful of cartridges.

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The Old and Persistent Belief That Oysters Are Poison in Months Without an R in Them Is, According to a French Scientist, a Silly Notion Built Up in Many Strange Ways.

season of the year. In winter, these European oysters do not breed, so that the flavor is better, although there is no proof that exfoliating a half million or so summer oysters, or young hatchlings does a human consumer any harm.

Anyway, this possible origin of the rule about months with R has no application to the eastern coast of North America, since the common water oyster does not breed in this way. Among these oysters of the American market, each animal remains either male or female all its life, at least so far as science has investigated. "Not so," the young oysters kept inside the mother's shell. Instead, the eggs from the female oyster and the sperm cells from the male oyster are normally discharged by millions into the surrounding sea water, where they find and fertilize each other.

Another reason suggested for the R rule is that oysters are easily spoiled if kept out of the water in hot weather. In days before there were refrigerators it may be that most of the oysters caught in summer months spoiled and made the eaters sick, so that the rule of no R's was born. From the R-less month was formulated merely to prevent hot-weather spoilage. That obviously would have very little meaning today, when food is kept carefully in refrigerators which prevent spoilage even in the hottest weather.

Still another possibility goes back to the oysters' habits of eating or not eating in accordance with the seasons and the temperature of the water. All oysters are extremely sensitive to temperature. One illustration is the oyster's habit of breeding or not breeding in accordance with the phase of the moon, which has nothing to do with it directly, but does control the tides. High tides bring warmer water. The oyster recognizes this difference and eat, or breed, accordingly.

When the sea water is warm, the oysters on banks off the Atlantic Coast of North America pump through their bodies enormous quantities of water, computed as many times all the water consumed in the same time by human citizens of America for both drinking or bathing. From these currents of water passing through its shell, the animal filters out the millions of tiny sea plants, one-celled animals, germs and other small living creatures that the first oyster diet.

In summer, this eating is extremely active. An oyster is likely to be gorged with partly digested food, often affecting the oyster's taste and perhaps rendering it inedible. Its body contains partly digested germs, which are still alive and may be harmful to any human being who eats that oyster uncooked.

In winter months, which also happens to be those with R in their names, the ocean water is colder. The oysters eat less actively or may not eat at all for weeks. There then is no undigested food in the oyster's body, and few germs which still are alive and might make trouble.

This also may be the secret of the presence of glycogen in oysters, as studied by Professor Bierry. This glycogen is a valuable food material, the most abundant in the animal kingdom. According to Professor Bierry's analyses of oysters caught in every month of the year, this storage of glycogen in oyster tissues increases sharply in the fall, just when the traditional oyster season begins. The first oyster diet, an R. During the winter the amount of glycogen is high but drops off in the spring, with arrival of the first R-less month. While there is nothing in this suggestion that oysters in the R-less months are poison, it is true that they then are less good food than in months which tradition recommends.

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How Real Life Can Be Disguised As A Wedding

Nobody saw him after that, nobody, that is, except one, and in

The Cat That Won Rose-Zella \$10,000,000-a-Year Husband



The Love Philtres Which "Baby" Knudsen Brought to Perpetuate Her Husband's Love for Her Failed—

It Was Not Mink Nor Ermine But Just a Coat of Gilt Radiator Paint All Over Her Girlish Body That Promoted the \$3.00-a-Day Burlesque Dancer to Wife of Baron Empain, World's Richest Bachelor—But Magic Was Mixed In



But African Magic Which Includes That Famed Jungle Moon as Well as Witch Doctors Didn't Fail Rose-Zella.

BUDAPEST Nov. 26.

SHE was getting only three dollars a day in burlesque—so Rose-Zella Rowland threw off her clothes and appeared in nothing but a coat of gilt radiator paint. And Rose rose in hardly more than a year to be the wife of Baron Jean Empain of Belgium whose income is estimated at ten million dollars a year.

The moral of this gilt-to-gold romance, however, is not that girls who want to get rich quick should jump into the public eye clad only in gold paint, because all such exhibitionism will probably get them is a trip to the police station. Also there are no more bachelors left with anything like that fabulous Empain wealth and besides actual magic was involved in catching this one, the magic of Africa and \$750,000 worth of the commercial kind sold by professional white sorcerers of Paris. Last but not least, according to one of the Hungarian papers, the Baron promised to marry her only in case it was a boy.

Well, fortunately it was a boy, so they were married just two hours after the "blessed event" right in the Frigyes Nursing Home, as seen as the Baron could obtain by cable the consent of the bride's mother, Mrs. Alvah B. Rowland of New York City. Only about ten seconds of the two-hour delay is credited to Mrs. Rowland.

Considering that men of insignificant financial value have resulted in shotgun marriages, without requiring even their own consent, it seems curious that the world's richest bachelor had to cable more than 3,000 miles for permission to do right by Rose who, being in her nineteenth year, could do right by herself legally without a parent's consent.

Rose-Zella, born in 1917 at Columbus, Ohio, which is also the birthplace of the infant prodigy, Elsie Janis, went on the stage at the age of four, working steadily and faithfully for the next 15 years. Other child actresses went to Hollywood making their entire families rich but the best poor Rose-Zella got, at the end of that time, was three dollars a day at the Irving Place Burlesque Theatre, on Fourteenth Street, New York City. A beautiful blonde girl with trim, slim figure and skin, pure-white as a lily, it must have seemed to her a wicked, unjust world that sent none of its gold her way.

The repressed beauty had heard that it was the height of folly to gild the lily, but when a person suffers from an inferiority complex, she is likely to do just what everyone tells her not to. The story is that in one of her darkest moments she found a can of gilt radiator paint, left by a careless steam-fitter outside the burlesque dressing room, and painting her lily-white form with it, she graced on stage, glittering like a million dollars worth of animated gold. She wondered whether she would be fired or get a dollar a day raise, maybe.

Around the vicinity of that theatre is a colony of Communists who are supposed to hate gold, but they applauded her so vigorously that she won a raise of two dollars but scorned it because the manager of a night club floor show offered her \$100 a week. It is said that the gilded lily was receiving \$500 when the Dorchester Hotel of London sent an agent with an even more flattering offer to come over and entertain their customers. Thereupon this underprivileged child of three dollars a day only a few weeks before, crossed the Atlantic in a fine, deck-A stateroom, as the "golden girl."

Last word of her ambitious maiden should get into trouble, it might well be mentioned that something is wrong with that radiator paint story. Mink radiator paint contains a solvent which, due to its smell, is called banana oil. "Banana oil" is a poison and those who know the stuff say that this paint would have made the girl dangerously ill if it didn't actually kill her. Also to get it off would require bathing her in the same solvent which would be enough to kill her. As according to experts, it must have been something else or she would have impressed mostly the undertaker.

In London, Rose-Zella was a knockout. Gilded youths asked the management to meet the imported, gilded nudity and some of them were millionaires—and what is a millionaire? After all, anyone whose entire fortune is worth a million dollars rates as a millionaire but, since these fortunes are usually conservatively invested, such a person's income is only between \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year, even in boom times. The management had an invariable rule never to introduce guests to performers whether clothed or nude and told them so.

But one evening Baron Jean Empain, 33 years old, director of 80 big corporations and chairman of 30 others, made the same request. The management made an exception to such



Baron Empain and Rose-Zella While on the African Safari Which Began Their Romance and Ended in the Budapest Hospital Marriage.



"Baby" Knudsen, the Beauty Who Tried to Be the Baron's Wife But Whose Expensive Love Charms Failed.

an exceptional person. This man who looks quite commonplace except that he has a more worried appearance than anyone on relief, has a fortune whose size even he can only guess at. On a five per cent basis, he would be a billionaire, in fact worth two billions. However, it is not conservatively invested and therefore is probably not worth much more than half that.

Still, out of his income, he could have bought the show, hotel and all without noticing it. Therefore it was prudent of the manager to give him the introduction.

Among other properties, Baron Empain owns gold mines which every day yield him enough of the precious metal to cover the girl with such a thick coating of pure gold foil that she would be modestly itself and hardly able to walk. Instead the man of gold removed the gilded girl from the public eye, with an invitation to accompany him on a long safari through the Belgian Congo where the jungle perhaps covers more billions belonging to him.

Considering that men with salaries of \$50 a week and even less are on the danger line of heart-attacks suits, one can imagine the thrills who would see a man with an income of \$10,000,000 a year. But it would be imagin-

tion because he never is sued for the reason that he is very careful.

Just at the time he met Rose-Zella he was breaking the bad news to an equally beautiful and shapely blonde, Miss Siegfried (Baby) Knudsen, who thought sure that she was going to marry the wealthy gold mine. But instead of suing him for \$1,000,000, which would have been hardly more than a month's income, she started Paris by suing Madame Maryse de Tans, fashionable sorceress, for breach of promise to make the Baron marry her with \$10,000,000 a year. But it would be imagin-

the aid of Madame's \$70,000 worth of love philtres.

And now, before plunging into the depths of the Congo with a girl in her teens, he was punctilious in asking her mother's consent. If she had her mother's permission to go on this little excursion, no one could object. Such permission was granted, so it is said.

Except what little they have cared to reveal, nobody knows what went on behind the green curtain of the jungle. Though science crowns on the idea, enough people still believe in

magic to support armies of sorcerers in civilized countries and the African native has always believed in his vision. If magic was used on the Baron, nobody believes that Rose-Zella outgated it because she had neither the money nor the contacts to arrange such a thing. In Paris, however, magicians of high and low degree were buzzing like angry bees over "Baby" Knudsen's suit, asserting that she had paid \$70,000 for charms and love philtres with the result that all this expensive magic had back-fired and driven the Baron away. It became so bad that palmists were lucky to get two francs for a reading and in England, "sitters" were scratching the seismographic notes from spiritualistic mediums' ghosts. The whole profession was facing ruin.

There are those who believe that the organization of all these professional scoundrels took the meanest revenge they could think of on "Baby" Knudsen by using magic to make her succeed where she had failed. They think the judgments of the dark continent were sublimated by their European colleagues to surround the pair every step of the way with black magic and that it got results.

"Some more banana oil," say the scornful scoundrels, but her competitors insist that Zella's triumph was as supernatural as a witch rising a broomstick.

Nobody who has listened to the weird thrashing of the ton-toms at night or seen a real jungle witch doctor at work fails to feel queer stirrings of the emotions. After all, what is love but a queer stirring of the emotions?

A party can argue that matter till the milkman rattles his bottles.

Anyway, it is reported that somewhere in that jungle trip, the magic of the witch doctors or of just love itself induced the pair to undergo some sort of married ceremony.

One might suppose that trip person most likely to spread such a report of an early though vague marriage would be the mother of the girl involved. Instead, she was the first to deny it, saying that the only ceremony was that performed after the baby was born.

The influential Budapest newspaper, *Reggel*, is authority for the statement that the Baron with his usual careful frankness, had told the girl bright and early that he wanted an heir not an heiress and that only in case there should be a child and the child should prove to be a boy, he would marry its mother immediately, otherwise there would be no marriage.

In Paris and Brussels it is commonly said that he had made that proposition before, though "Baby" Knudsen denies she ever heard of it. If true, he made good his promise in two hours after Rose-Zella became a mother and now the little three-dollar-a-day dancer is the Baroness Empain, as some wit have put it. From baroness to Baroness.

The reason the baby was born in a nursing home at Budapest is because the financier was less known there than at any capital of Europe and they hoped it if happened in a modest nursing home, the event might be kept secret.

Mrs. Rowland denies there was any pre-nuptial agreement limiting her daughter's dowry and alimony rights, but though the Baron's income may be \$10,000,000 a year, she cannot have the spending of anything like that stupendous sum. That figure is only his gross income, the amount he manages to get together in his own name in the course of one year before the income and other tax collectors take their cut. What is left is about the same proportion as what the bookkeeper leaves for the bee to enjoy out of the gross amount of honey the insect collects in a season. However, it is plenty.

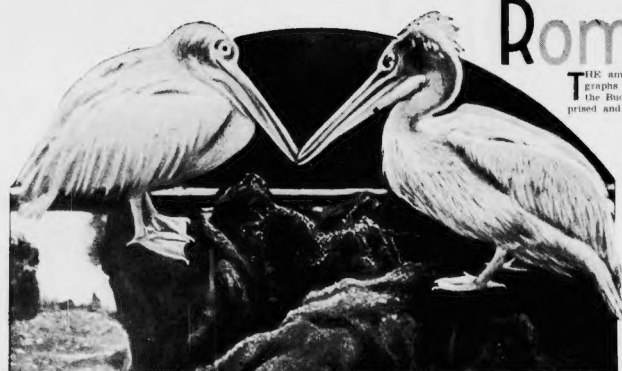
Seventy thousand dollars ought to buy an enormous amount of magic and those who take such things seriously are wondering where all that terrific force came from, since it evidently missed the mark at what it was aimed.

Mme. De Tans denies that she sold any love potions which are against the law in France, but that she did give "Baby" Knudsen advice about the future, which is permissible. Also she insists that all she received was \$12,000, very cheap, considering the psycho-eye-strain involved in seeing straight into the future.

It was "Baby's" own fault that she lost her Baron, according to the seeress, who asserts that the lovely blonde spoiled everything by stimulants, thus injuring her complexion and marring her conversation so ally that no magic could prevent an intelligent man from running away.

"Nonsense!" says the Baron. "I never loved her."

Romance in Pelican Land



"Fancy meeting you here. Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" That's What the Male Pelican, at the Right, Seems to Be Saying to the Female of the Species in the Aviary at the Budapest Zoo. The Touching of Beaks Is a Gesture of Affection in Pelican Land.

Held a Beating Heart in Hand

ANY remarkable surgical operations have been recorded in the past year. Some of them so daring and delicate that they were deemed impossible, even in the medical profession. Eyes were grafted from the dead to the living, ears likewise, and one person was even given a new digestive system.

But probably the slickest piece of surgery so far was announced the other day in Milan, Italy. Not only was the operation remarkable, but what is often not the case, the patient, a 56-year-old stove clerk, lived. He was on the brink of death because his heart pump was "logged" by the thickening of the pericardium sac enclosing the heart.

The surgeon cut his heart out! Not in a frenzied mood, but in one of mercy. The chest was opened and the heart taken out of the body into the doctor's hand. It was a delicate proposition, for the beating organ was more sensitive than the most feeble living bird. The surgeon held it in his hand, had to avoid the slightest accidental pressure that would make the heart beat faster or more slowly. That would have meant



"Oh, now I remember you. Aren't you the young lady I gave a couple of fish to one day when we lived on the Nile?" This Small Talk Interests Miss Pelican and She Looks Into Her Swan's Ardent Eyes.

paralysis of the heart and immediate "external smothering" of the patient through lack of oxygen in the blood stream.

The tip of the heart was often quickly

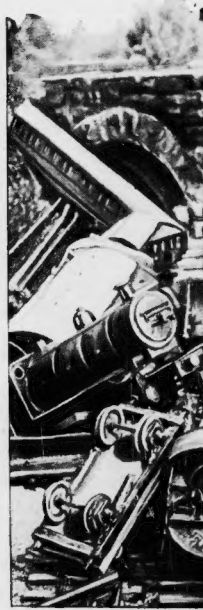
detached from the strangling sac. This throttling "jacket" was slit to give more room for the organ. Then the entire front of the man was sewn up again. The operation took exactly eight minutes.

exactly the angle to resist currents. But at Attica, New York, a family of the flat-tailed web-footed workers did more than this. They corrected a fault in their dam after it was built. They could have decided to patch it up, or hope it might be good enough the way it was. But their damier was up. Something was wrong and it wasn't in their nature to pass over it. They tore it all down and started over from the very bottom.

Yet the fault was not there—it was the result of an unforeseen event. The beavers built on what had always been, in their experience, a quiet stream. It didn't seem to matter which way their dam tilted, because there wasn't any current to speak of. But heavy rains sent water crashing against the well-made dam and damaged it severely, because it was leaning the wrong way.

Now the beavers are rebuilding. Their new job sits upstream as it should according to the best engineering principles. Another such flood may never come in their time, but the clever beavers aren't taking any chances.

This Catastrophe on the Bekoncof Railway Shocked Thousands of Brits—But, When They Found Out What Really Happened, They Were Jolly Well Amused.



"Well, now, we're getting somewhere," Mr. Pelican Appears to Be Saying, as the Object of His Affections Shows Her Will to Show She Is Not Averse to a Little Kiss.

A Tragedy That England Laughed at

CARS smashed, windows shattered, engines ruined beyond repair, under-carriages twisted and flanges crumpled like so much putty—this mass of metal to the left was all that remained when a passenger train recently collided with a freight train at Bekoncof, Scotland.

The picture was sent to British newspapers labeled "Tragedy near Beconsfield." A number of editors put out extras with the picture on the front page, and even Beconsfield for initials. Nobody there knew anything about a railroad disaster, and the editors began to suspect it was all being hushed up. They rushed reporters to the village, and so, at last, it was all explained.

Bekoncof, as the more glib editors knew, is a Lilliputian village built as a hobby by a retired business man, named Callingham.

The train crash was real all right, and the damage cost the owner several good English pounds to repair. The explanation of the paradox lay in the fact that the collision had been between two miniature trains which were not carrying any passengers.

The cause of the "accident" was a flaw in a tiny switch, and so, just as in real life, the trains were catapulted toward each other on the same track.

The thousands of Brits who were shocked by the picture in the papers had a good laugh about it afterwards.



"Wow," Gurgles Mr. Pelican, "You modern girls work fast," as Miss Pelican Takes the Play Away From Him and Gives Him a Kiss Which Sets Him Back on His Webbed Heels.

start the conversation. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" he asks, using an old but effective approach.

Before the female pelican has a chance to object, he follows up his advantage. "Oh, now I remember you," he says as if it really was just dawning on him. "Aren't you the young lady I gave a couple of fish to one day when we lived on the Nile?"

It isn't a bad line for a country yokel, she is thinking to herself. Aside from the subtle flattery of it all, for she always did like to think of herself as a queenly pelican reincarnated from ancient Egypt. The sophisticated young lady is now deeply intrigued she wants to know more about the lad.

With all justice, Mr. Pelican can say: "Now we're getting somewhere." For in the third picture the strange girl is beginning to turn up her lamps and answer the warmth in his beady eyes. She's even willing to give him a kiss if he insists, and perhaps if he doesn't. She has opened her bill to show she's no goody-goody girl.

"Wow," gurgles Mr. Pelican, who up to this moment thought he knew all there was to know about a pelican kiss. "You modern girls certainly work fast," he adds, and that is as far as he gets. For Miss Pelican takes the lead away from him and sets him reeling back on his webbed heels with a headful of love. She's teaching him a thing or two that she learned from her mother. That isn't as scandalous as it sounds, because a mother pelican's babies are taught to reach their beaks into her mouth and help themselves to the fish she scooped up for them.

It isn't so surprising that the pelicans spend so much of their time in billing and cooing. They usually lead a bourgeois and someone life in sunny places. Love is almost their only amusement. It is surprising, however, that the powerful bills they have, which are used to crush shellfish, mussels and oysters among other things, should be adaptable to such tender and delicious sentiments as a kiss or a cuddle.

One of these days Mr. Pelican is going to come home and find his new girl building a rude heap of trash and dirt. It will be a nest for her eggs, and won't Mr. Pelican prove himself then?

Won the Prize With Her Seedy Gown

THE fattest cat and oversized hog have for some years rocked the sparkle needed to pack the public into the county fairs, and that's how the Texas farm dress contest came into being. The fairs were given a new flare with such pretty "house products" as fruit salad robes, turnip and carrot dresses, bluebonnet blossom underwear, thurbarb leaf gowns trimmed with cabbage, and onion bulb-hulk skirts.

The trouble was that half the time the costumes looked pretty rough. The handling and stitching often added to their frowny and floppy look. A recent attempt to change this resulted in a dress made of grapefruit and orange peels. It was quite a creation, but nothing to excite the interest of Paris fashion woots.

This year's winner, Mrs. Bob Euler of Mission, Texas, can be seen covered up with not peels but puts. Her masterpiece is hand-stitched and fashioned of more than 5,000 seeds of oranges, grapefruit and lemons. It proves that the home-grown evening gowns can be more than a useless novelty, for it is the last word in simplicity, elegance and practicality.

It looks smooth and ripping, and could be worn to a formal dinner party or the opera. It's not flashy. It's the "seediest" gown ever created, but a smooth job.

From shoulder to hem, it's just a heap of seeds intended to tell the world about the great citrus fruits grown in the Lone Star State.



Mrs. Bob Euler, of Mission, Texas, Looking Very Chic in the Prize-Winning Evening Gown She Designed and Covered From Shoulder to Hem With Grapefruit and Lemon Seeds.

Mystery of "The Murder Without a Motive"

Like an Old-Time Detective Thriller in 5 Chapters Is This Search for the "Grey Man" Who Killed Melba Moore in the Lonely Lovers' Lane--and No One Can Even Guess the Reason Why



Victims of Mistaken Identity, Accident or Double Plot — Melba Moore, 16, to Whose Murder the Police of Granger, Ind. Find No Answer.

"A STRANGE man stepped out of a car and shot her. We don't know why. With these words, Adolph Stopper, a white-faced youth of 20, half-carried, half-dragged the bleeding form of a 16-year-old girl through the front door of the Moore family's home at Granger, a few miles from South Bend, Indiana, and placed her on the couch. Mrs. Julia Moore, the girl's mother, arose from her chair with a scream: "It's Melba!"

She rubbed to the faintly moaning form and saw blood flowing from a bullet wound at the base of the brain. Harold Moore, the father, strode to the couch, took one look and then, saying a heavy hand on his shoulder, demanded: "What's happened?"

"There was no answer. At the touch of the father's hand the youth dropped in a faint, as if he too had been shot. Mr. Moore then turned to Charles Walton, a boy of 17, who had burst through the door ahead of Stopper, equally white-faced and his mouth working as if trying to say something, a sort of speechless herald of tragedy. Astonished, they had watched this neighbor's son run from window to window of the living room, pulling down the shades with a frantic violence.

"Why did the strange man shoot her?" There must have been a reason, the father insisted, but Stopper was speechless.

"She's dying!" Mrs. Moore cried. Get her to the hospital quick. We'll find out why, afterward.



Adolph Stopper, Who Accompanied Melba, "Practically His Fiancee," on the Tragic Automobile Ride.

CHAPTER II.
The Unknown Killer.

MELBA died, a poor little sphinx who could not solve her own riddle, and Sheriff William Hosinski took charge, first questioning the boys who have stuck substantially to the same story. That evening Stopper, who says he was "practically engaged" to Melba, had driven with her and their friend, Charlie Walton, from Mishawaka, five miles away, to leave them at their homes in Granger.

Stopper had lent his own car to Melba's 15-year-old sister, Mildred, that she might go to South Bend and, by this innocent and seemingly unimportant act, she may or may not have been the cause of the shooting. Stopper borrowed from the local garage a car that was a "turn in" and still carried its New York license plates.

At 9:30 on the evening of October 12, the youths, with the girl between them, crowded in the front seat of the borrowed sedan, were scurrying along dark Bittersweet Road.

In the summer this is a "lovers' lane" studded with parked cars. But that night a cold wind was stripping the last scattered leaves from the gaunt maples and no "parkers" were seen. Finally, right in the entrance to St. Joseph's Farm on Notre Dame College property, they passed a motionless car with lights out. Stopper thought the car was in trouble and said he guessed he would back up and ask. In his own words, this is what followed:

"I backed my car up until I got within about 40 feet of the other. I was just going to open the door and step out when a heavy-set man in a grey suit appeared at the side of his car. I didn't hear him say anything and then suddenly he started shooting. I put my foot on the accelerator

and we started off with an awful jerk. We could hear the bullets rain against the glass and body of our car. I heard one whizz past my head and then came a man from Melba at my side and she slumped forward. I kept driving like mad. When we were about a mile from Melba's house, I heard Charlie say:

"My God, she's been shot."

Charlie's story was the same except that he thought they stopped nearer and that the man cursed them before he shot. As far as it could, the car corroborated them, with three bullet holes in the body, one through the gas tank and two that had entered the rear window, one of them passing through the girl's skull, the other grazing Charlie's shoulder.

Though the Detectives Have Repeatedly Re-enacted the Shooting on Bittersweet Road, as the Photograph Shows, They Have Not Been Able to Work Out a Satisfactory Theory of the Murder Motive.

At the entrance to the farm was further confirmation. Six empty shells from a .38 caliber revolver were found and tire marks in the mud where a car had been parked. Plaster casts were made of the tire prints.

It was a simple, straight-forward story but simply unbelievable.

"People don't do things like that in real life," said everyone. Were those boys telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? There seemed only one hope of finding out. The two were brought to Indianapolis and again questioned, this time with their wrists in the grip of a "lie-detecting machine."

CHAPTER III.
The Lie Detector.

"TRUTH, truth, truth," recorded the sleepy needle monotonously throughout both stories, with just one exception, the same in both cases, in answer to this question: "Did you say or do anything to incur the wrath of the man in grey?"

"No," answered both boys, but each time the recording needle gave a leap caused by the sudden increase of blood pressure supposed to accompany the telling of a lie.

The most skillful mental ferrets of the state questioned the boys on that point relentlessly but not one other fact would they admit. The man had commenced firing, they said, before any of the three young people had been

word or gesture made any communication. The questioners agreed that they were at least telling substantially the truth and released both.

Except for a vague description of the car and that the murderer was a man about five feet eleven inches tall and weighing around 300 pounds, the authorities were without clues and, worst of all, without that master clue which points to the motive. Yet the very absence of these usual pointers was so peculiar as to be something in the way of a clue. The person they wanted must be in a class by himself, a most extraordinary sort of mysterious man.

The police of the State started hunting for a mystery man and presently they found one. In fact, he had been just that to them for a long time. He seemed to be the answer to somebody's riddle, yet, as long as he did not fit any of their, they let him pursue his mysterious way, but now it was another matter.

CHAPTER IV.
The Sleeping Doctor.

FROM time to time patrolling motor police had found a car parked in lonely spots at various hours of the night and early morning. In it was not only a mystery man but a huge one, six feet, three inches tall and weighing 300 pounds. Always he was in a heavy sleep from which often it

was hard to rouse him.

This oversized person had capacious pockets fully proportionate to his build and usually full of mysterious objects, including such articles as a large number of little, empty, pasteboard boxes and miscellaneous other junk, worthy of the pockets of Huckleberry Finn. On one occasion the police fished out a dozen car spools such as car spark-plugs, one though probably no auto ever owned a dozen at one time. In the collection found on the mystery sleeper the night of his questioning were eleven cigar lighters.

Asked to explain his weird collection, the mystery man made no serious attempt to do so. He did not have to, because they were not listed as stolen, nor could they be connected with any known crime. Presumably they were his own property, legally acquired and therefore nobody's business.

The mystery man was Dr. Douglas W. Owen of South Bend, well-known physician-surgeon. He is 36 years old and has considerable standing as a psychiatrist, occasionally testifying as an expert in criminal trials. Dr. Owen was not questioned on the night of the crime but a week later and the chief reason given was that he could not account for his whereabouts during a four-day absence from the town. He was not in the town during the night of the shooting. However, he came to the sheriff's office and offered to co-operate in trying to solve the mystery.



CHAPTER V.
Mystery.

AMID the contents of the physician's cavernous pockets was a snapshot, evidently of himself taken when much younger. The young man with him was also strangely familiar but nobody could place him. Where was this picture taken? officials asked Dr. Owen.

"In Austria," he snapped back at them.

"Who is your pal? You might as well tell us because we will find out anyhow."

A smile spread over the Doctor's face as he replied:

"You ought to be that smart. It is the Duke of Windsor, but he was the Prince of Wales, then."

"That vice failed them and so apparently did the others. Stopper and Walton failed to identify the doctor as their "man in grey," no gun was found in his belongings to fit the bullets or shells nor did the plaster casts fit the tires of his three cars.

A Federal narcotic agent questioned him at great length, especially about what those little boxes had contained and the cause of his profound slumbers. But no drugs had been found on him or in his car and this line of questioning was abandoned.

Since the doctor is thus definitely and officially eliminated from any connection with the murder mystery, what can be the true solution? The police have only what they call "a little better than guesses." The first theory is that the killer was a crook of some sort who had fired from New York, with his car full of "hot goods," that is money, jewels or other plunder which would have sent him to prison had he been caught with them.

This is where the New York license on the borrowed car may have caused the fugitive to abort. He may have believed that G-men or other detectives from that State were on his trail and preferred not to be taken alive. Or he may have thought that fellow crooks had followed to hi-jack his loot.

Another theory, based entirely on the curious behavior of the "lie-detector," is that Stopper really backed the car up in the hope of spying on a love-tryst. Perhaps they did intrude on one and the man, thinking he was about to be blackmailed, decided to shoot it out with them. Perhaps one of the boys shouted a ribald remark which they did not care to admit or possibly they roused a madman from his slumbers. However, there is no thought that they broke any law or lost anything; this would justify such murderous retaliation.

The World's Ugliest Ambassador

THIS orange-brown monster with red lips and a forked yellow tongue looks like a legendary "beastie" from some ancient fable. Actually he is very much alive and anything but a myth.

Of all the birds, beasts and reptiles at the Scottish National Zoo, the one the canny Scots give the most time to is this Komodo dragon. He is the one living creature nearest to the dragons of legend, and he hails from the Dutch East Indies, where his rare species hangs out.

The arrival of the scaly brute at the Scottish zoo was not just a chance event. For years the curator has been trying to acquire one. He is considered a prize among reptiles, and heretofore the London zoo has been able to none or less put the Scottish zoo to shame by owning one.

It so happens that the Dutch Minister to Edinburgh is a friend of the curator of the zoo. So it was a simple matter for the curator to hint at what he would like most for a Christmas present to his country. The Dutch envoy made a mental note of it, but said nothing. It's best not to make hasty promises in such cases. Besides, it's the simplest matter in the world to get hold of one of these scaly beasts.

Strings were pulled, however. And at last there arrived a ten-foot box which the happy

curator found to contain a present from the Netherlands—a Komodo dragon.

Somewhat the beady-eyed monster liked Scotland and acted less dead and sluggish than it is usual for the Komodo dragon to be in a foreign land. In fact, such a friendly interest did he exhibit in the folks who came to see him that, before long, he became the favorite exhibit.

A sign put-up where everybody could see it explained that the Komodo dragon was a present from Holland, and before long editorials and appreciative letters began to be printed in the papers. At last the phrase was coined and was at once accepted upon the Komodo dragon is the world's ugliest and, at the same time, most popular ambassador.

He has done more to confirm the affections of the Scotch for the Dutch than any other gesture in many years. It is singularly appropriate that the "lowlands" of Holland should supply the "highlands" of Scotland with as strange a bond of friendship as can be found anywhere. And the most curious part of it all is the assertion of anthropologists that the Dutch and the Scotch had much in common in the dim ancestral past. The mythology of both was replete with dragons even in that bygone day. No wonder the dragon is happy to meet his old friends after all these centuries. And no wonder they greet him in the same fashion. In his wrinkled, scaly skin there is an added wrinkle of pleasure these days, put there by the smile of his beady black eyes.

The homely envoy, who sometimes sends timid children rushing to their mothers, may be doomed to a short career in Edinburgh, and not because he isn't contented there. In his natural habitat, in the islands of the Dutch

East Indies, he is accustomed to tropical weather. He never has known what it is to go through the rigors of a Northern winter. His keepers are afraid that the chill air in Scotland may give him a bad case of pneumonia and put an untimely end to his career as an ambassador of good will. Preparations are being made to prevent such a mishap by special heating apparatus installed in the pen the dragon will occupy in the cold weather.

This Komodo Dragon, a Newcomer at the Scottish National Zoo at Edinburgh, Rates as an Envoy of Good Will Because It Was Sent by the Netherlands Government as a Gesture of Friendship for the Hardy and Thrifty People Across the English Channel. The Homely Beast Is Perfectly at Home but There Is Some Doubt About His Surviving the Vigor of a Northern Winter. Special Heating Apparatus Is Being Installed to Make the Scaly Ambassador Comfortable.

The Surrealist Mimikin Who Started an Artistic War

NOTICE! Trespassers will be persecuted to the full extent of 2 mongrel dogs which never was over sochible to strangers, and a double barrel shot gun which ain't loaded with sofa pillows. Dam' if I ain't gotten tired of this hell raisin on my place. B. Griscom

Californians Think This Is the Most Unusual and Outspoken Highway Sign in the World. It is on the Farm of One B. Griscom, Who Lives on the Main Road Between Los Angeles and San Diego.

model," shown at the left of this page and which managed to spoil one of the most exquisite dresses in the show. This one-dimensional wire con-

traption was supposed to stress the elements of "line" and simplicity in the new modes. But the fleshless, lifeless frame proved to be the last straw that

broke the patience of the buyers and spectators, including many artists and photographers, at the show.

The outraged Frenchmen said it was all very well for Paris to be known as the home of surrealism, futurism or any other kind of extreme art, especially since it doesn't cost anything. But it's another thing entirely, they said, when such art is seriously borrowed for a fashion show.

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A Real 7-League Boot

MODERN evening slippers, hunting brogues and shoes with buckles, flaps, laces and zippers crowded the lanes of the International Shoe and Leather Fair recently staged in London. But the shoe that stole the show was the monster leather boot shown at the right.

Faithful in sole, heel, shank and tongue, its dimensions are such as to make it a work of art and a major shoemaker's job in any country.

Being wise exhibitors, those in charge took a lesson from show business and displayed their shoe with a pretty girl putting it on, more or less.

The effect is much like that which the fabulous 7-league boots might have created. One almost expects the young woman to take to her heels and gallivant around the British Isles with a hop, skip and a jump.

With it, the girl wearing it would seem able to take anything in her stride. She might walk head and shoulders above the crowd the way the shoe itself topped the show.

The trouble is that the size of this masterpiece of bootery is no index to its magic, and the only charmed life it has is that of the girl wearing it and whose shapely foot is so modestly concealed in its spacious interior.

Six expert shoemakers worked for three weeks to make the giant boot. They worked from carefully made drawings and had quite a time of it finding pieces of leather that matched in color and texture and which were big enough for their purpose. All the sewing had to be done by hand because the machines in the factory were not intended to do such heavy duty. Even the nails in the sole and the heel had to be fashioned by hand. When the Leather Shoe was over the prize exhibit started on its way to another fair and will eventually be used as an advertisement all over the British Empire.

Where Fog Costs \$250,000 a Day

THE pea-soup fogs of London are a standing joke all over the world. But to the City of London itself the frequent fogs aren't at all funny. Some days they cost the citizens of the British capital a cool quarter of a million dollars. The surprising figure comes from a recent survey by the Port of London Authority and shows what a severe overhead cost the mist brings with it.

The heavy fog season constricts commerce of every sort. Accidents increase. Appointments are delayed. Big deals are obstructed. Omnibus, "tram" and pedestrian all fall with their clamor to speed up the fog-clogged traffic. And shipping gets into the worst snarl of all with costly delays in handling incoming and outgoing cargoes, some of them made up of perishable goods.



The French, Who Have Applauded Many an Exhibition of Surrealism, Got Their Hot Gallic Dander Up When This Surrealist Manikin Was Used at a Display of the Latest Paris Fashions. Trick Art Is All Right, They Said, But It Must Never Be Used to Make the Creations of the Paris Fashion Salons Unattractive and Ridiculous.



The 7-League Boots of Legend, If They Had Existed, Might Have Looked Something Like This Giant Shoe Recently Exhibited at the International Shoe and Leather Fair Staged in London.

Romance That Ends England's Most Famous Feud

Like Kentucky's Hatfield-McCoy Clans, the Ancient Families of Percy and Douglas Warred for Centuries, but Now Are United by the Love of a Daughter of One for a Son of the Other



The Scottish Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale Whose Marriage to Lady Elizabeth Percy and the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, first peer of Scotland and head of the Clan Douglas.

LONDON, Nov. 26. (AP)—Recent romances have aroused more interest than that of Lady Elizabeth Percy and the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, first peer of Scotland and head of the Clan Douglas.

The reason is that their engagement, announced a few weeks ago by the Duke of Northumberland, Lady Elizabeth's brother, brings to a close England's most famous family feud and, as such, makes the Marquess and his fiancée the modern equivalents of Romeo and Juliet. The actual feud died of inaction a few centuries ago.

The Montague and Capulet families in which Shakespeare's famous lovers belonged, had been feuding a long time, but as feuds go theirs seems trivial beside that of the Percys and Douglases. The latter first fell foul of each other about the year 1300 and as time went on thousands of men were slain on both sides.

The lives of Romeo and Juliet served in the end to close the breach between their relatives. All signs point to a happier fate for Lady Elizabeth and the Marquess. They will enter into matrimony not tumultuously and with curses hanging over them, as did Romeo and Juliet, but with the full consent and blessing of their parents.

In a recent interview, the 54-year-old Marquess remarked: "I started on this most momentous quest of my life at Alnwick Castle, the ancestral home of the Percys, and ended it with success in the north of Scotland." The words served to remind students of English history all over the world that a match which ended with success or what looked for a while like success in the north of Scotland had been the first step in the feud as well as the last.

Six hundred years ago, Sir William Douglas broke a treaty of peace with Sir Henry de Percy by carrying off and marrying the English heiress Eleanor Ferrers, a cousin of the Percys, who was staying at Trannet Castle. She had gone there not on the wings of love but strictly in the interest of business to collect rent money from the tenants of the castle whose land she was.

Complaining to the King of England, Henry I, Sir Henry de Percy found a ready listener, for it was against the law in those days for an English heiress to marry without His Majesty's special permission.

King Henry promptly fined Eleanor 100 pounds and put Sir William on probation, making Sir Henry de Percy responsible for his good behavior. But Douglas was reluctant to trust either his good behavior or his life to Sir Henry's supervision. He joined a rebel army under the command of William Wallace, was later captured, and died in Borwick Castle, not only a prisoner but a murdered prisoner, according to his friends.

So ended the first Douglas-Percy romance, and it has taken six hundred



Old Print of the Field of "The Battle of Chevy Chase" Where an Arrow Mortally Wounded Sir Harry Percy, Lady Elizabeth's Ancestor.



Drawing from an old history of the Hatfield-McCoy feud, picturing runaway Rosanna McCoy, of the Kentucky Clan, on her way to warn the Hatfields of an attempt by the McCoy to kill Jone Hatfield, her sweetheart.

years to start another. The interested parties in the second can take some comfort from the thought that it will be hard for them to make out any worse than their 14th century prototypes. But the verdict of history seems to be that family feuds and love seldom mix well. This verdict is supported in America by the romance of Jone Hatfield and Rosanna McCoy.

Although perhaps conducted on a more modest scale than some, the Hatfield-McCoy feud is one of the best the United States can offer. Its locale was the mountains of Kentucky and it presents some interesting similarities—as well as differences to the Douglas-Percy misunderstanding. As in the latter, there was an original bone of contention. However, the Hatfield-McCoy bone was not a woman; it was a hog.

One day in the year 1875, these hogs were found roaming loose on Hatfield property and the Hatfields seized them. Immediately, a howl of protest went up from the other side of the river, where the McCoy lived. The howl was ignored. So the McCoy rose or low as did Sir Henry de Percy—

appealed to authority in this case not a King but the nearest Judge. The suit was tried and a verdict handed down in favor of the Hatfields. However, it was discovered a little later that the Hatfields had perjured their testimony and that the hogs did belong to the McCoy. This time there was no howling or appealing. The McCoy just held their time.

One night a crowd of Hatfields went down to fish in the Big Sandy River with their poles held out straight when suddenly from the bank came a series of cracking explosions. One after another the fishing poles tilted forward and were carried downstream, several with fish hanging on their hooks. After that, whenever a McCoy met a Hatfield, only one came away. A river also separated the Douglases and Percys, the Tweed River, which divides England and Scotland. Although wider than the Big Sandy the Tweed proved equally ineffective in keeping the warring factions from each other's throats.

Romance did not enter to confuse the Hatfield-McCoy feud until the matter of the hogs had been pretty well settled. It came riding into Pike County off to Pike County jail for carrying a concealed gun. Rosanna crawled out of her bed, unfettered a horse from her father's stables and started off to warn the Hatfields. Girl and horse picked their way across a succession of gulches, rocks, bogs, creeks, and one complete river and reached the Hatfields in time to form a rescue party. The two clans met head-on in front of the Pike County Jail and the worst massacre of the feud took place. Jone was killed, stabbed twenty times by a sixteen-year-old McCoy youth. Three McCoy men were blood up against the prison's walls and shot. Both sides



Alnwick Castle, Ancestral Home of the Percy Clan, the Dukes of Northumberland, Near the Walls of Which Was Fought the Historic Battle of Chevy Chase.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE

The eldest Earl of Northumberland
Our English nobles lost their lives—
A woman first did make
Their hearts were good and true
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
At the first sight of arrows and
There comes dark to take him
Full fourteen hours they show

The children both in Chevy Chase
"I told thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said
To kill and lose again
"To faith I will thee bring
Three trifles in Earl Douglas came
Where thou shalt high adventure be
In Scotland where he lay
By James, our Scottish king"

Who saw Earl Percy's power and
Wrote that there came an arrow down
He would protect his spot
Out of an English line
The English Earl, not fearing war
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
Did not the words receive
A deep and deadly blow

Lord Percy to the quarry went
A knight amongst the Scots there was
To view the slaughter scene
Who saw Earl Douglas lie
Quick he, "Earl Douglas, promised
Who straight in wrath did rise and
This day to meet me here
"Twas Earl Douglas

"In yonder ditch Earl Douglas comes
And saw the English archers all
His men in armor bright
Without a dead or fear
Full twenty Scotland Scottish spears
And through Earl Percy's body then
All marching in his sight
He thrust his battle spear

The Fight in Which Black Douglas Was Slain by Sir Harry Percy's Invading Horsemen as Described, in Part, by the "Ballad of Chevy Chase."

Lady Elizabeth Percy, Sister of the Duke of Northumberland, Who Is to Marry the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale.

(Continued on Page 24)



For the Holidays and Many Other Happy Days: Baked Armour's Star Ham Glorified with Cherries!

MENU

Hot Tomato Juice—Chopped Parsley
Armour's Star Ham—Sweet Pickled Cherries
Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Peas—Buttered Beets
Cranberry Star Salad
Hot Biscuits—Cloverbloom Butter
Mince Pie—Coffee

FOR Christmas, don't you like to get something you'll use and enjoy all through the coming year? Here is such an offering! This Month's Meal of the Month is one to remember—one that will make any day memorable.

The flavor of Armour's Star Ham is known to every Meal of the Month member. But that unique flavor of slow-cured ham glorified with cherries is one of those discoveries that are not made every month—or every year!

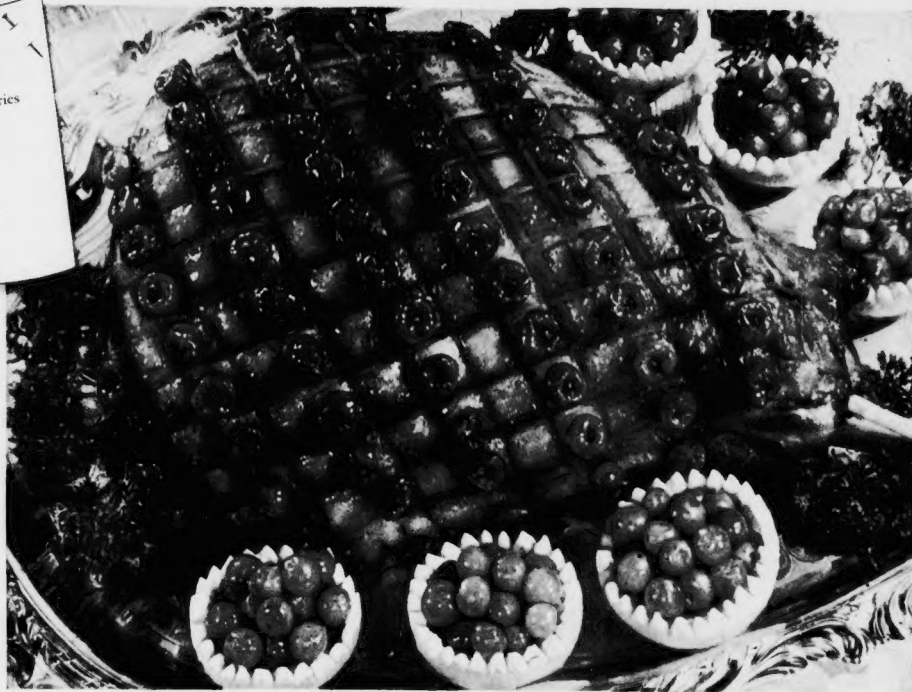
The main dish is not costly. A ham cured and smoked like Armour's Star Ham is a good investment. It keeps until every morsel is eaten. The last sliver is as good as the first slice, due to the curing process Armour uses for this fine ham.

How to Prepare This Ham Treat (IT ISN'T HARD)

Don't let the beauty of this dish discourage you; actually, the preparation of this picture-dish is twice as easy as it looks. Anyone who can bake a ham can reproduce this cherry edition! Here's all there is to it:

Remove the wrapping from a 10 to 12 pound Armour's Star Ham, but do not remove the rind. Rewrap it in the glassine wrapper and place it on a rack in an open baking pan, fat side up. Roast it in a 300° F. oven 18 to 20 minutes to the pound. An hour before it's done remove the wrapping and the rind, score the fat and stud with whole cloves. Cover the ham with brown sugar ($\frac{3}{4}$ cup). While you finish baking it, baste it often with the syrup from a can of sweet pickled cherries. Just before you serve it, garnish the ham with whole cherries stuck on with cloves, as in the illustration.

To make those delightful Orange-Cherry Cups here's what you do: Drain the juice of a No. 2 can of red pie cherries into a bowl. Mix and boil $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cherry juice. Add a stick of cinnamon



and 24 whole cloves. Then add the cherries and cook gently for 15 or 20 minutes until the juice is syrupy. Cool and serve in the orange peel cups. As you can tell from the illustration, they'll add a colorful touch to the festive Christmas table.

A word of caution:

We would not tell you that Armour's Star Ham is the only good ham. We do tell you that the flavor of this slow-cured ham blends happily with the sweet pickled cherry flavor *and you will not succeed with this particular recipe if you use a quick-cured ham.*

Nobody knowingly buys an unmaturing, undercured ham. But how many housewives know how long it takes to mature and age a ham that will have and hold a mellow, true ham flavor? Or know that Armour's

Star curing process is *seven times* longer than that of some hams that are hurried to market!

Cranberry Christmas Salad in the Form of a Star



This particular salad blends happily with the principal dish; you make it with raw cranberries, chopped celery and nuts jellied in lemon gelatin. And it's a Christmasy touch to have it a big red star on its bed of green lettuce leaves, the center filled with mayonnaise.

Quickly and easily done with a chef's star mold; this 9-in. mold of heavy aluminum, retail value \$1 will be sent prepaid for only 35¢ (coin or stamps). Mail your request to Armour and Company, Chicago.

Small Families Can Enjoy This Ham Feast, Too!



● If you don't want a whole ham buy sliced ham the new way. Your dealer now has Armour's Star Ham in the new slice-package. No waste at all! Two perfect slices. Cellophane-sealed. For this special cherry recipe, prepare like this: Broil as many slices of Armour's Star Sliced Ham as you need. Two to three minutes to a side under a low flame is ample. Serve them with cherries in the juice exactly as you would a raisin sauce. It's a wonderful flavor combination.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS

of food are most acceptable to many families! See Armour's many holiday packages at your dealer's.

The Oldest Woman's Face in the World

30,000 Years Ago a Sacrilegious Stone Age Genius Broke the Most Sacred Taboo and Carved the First Human Portrait

Who Was the Prehistoric Model—Maid, Wife or Priestess—Who Inspired This "Leonardo da Vinci of the Mammoth-Hunters?"

The Profile of the Woman's Head, Carved from Mammoth Tusk, Recently Discovered by Archaeologist Dr. Karl Absolon.

PRAGUE, Nov. 26

THIRTY thousand years ago some Stone Age genius broke the most powerful taboo of his time and carved from a mammoth's tusk the portrait of a woman.

This, the oldest woman's face in the world and in all likelihood the first realistic human portrait ever made, was recently unearthed by the distinguished Dr. Karl Absolon, of the University of Prague, digging with his men in a prehistoric dump heap or kitchen-midden in Czechoslovakia where bones and other rubbish had been thrown by a Paleolithic tribe 28,000 years before the birth of Jesus.

Who was this rebel artist's model and what was it that made him break the most sacred law of the Stone Age men? Whose was the face—a sweetheart, a wife, a mother, a priestess? How came the carving to be in the refuse pit of the tribe? Was its maker discovered, stoned to death as punishment and the little face—it is only about two inches long—buried into the pit with his broken body that its "magic" might do no harm?

The answer to these questions will never be known but the magic in the little face, whose beauty and dignity are invincibly unmarred by the thousands of centuries that have passed over it, still remains to stir the imaginations of those who look upon it.

Sir Arthur Keith, one of the foremost of archaeologists, says of it: "The one thing we thought we were certain of was that Paleolithic artists had left no portrait of their fellow-beings and now Dr. Absolon has produced definite and irrefutable proof that there was a Leonardo da Vinci amongst the mammoth hunters of Moravia—people who lived when Europe was still in the grip of the Ice Age."

It is of particular interest to us Europeans—for it is a portrait of one of the white or Caucasian pioneers who began to colonize Europe in the later phases of the Ice Age. It is a woman.

Her features comment: "The artist who has left so many lifelike statues of the extinct beasts he hunted cannot be supposed to have been destitute of the ability to portray human features."

In the cave art of France and Spain the human figure—whether incised, painted, carved or modelled—was never given a recognizable facial physiognomy. There must have been some other reason.

And he, too, wonders what was the cause behind this unique rebellion of the prehistoric Leonardo, and the miracle of the little face's survival throughout thirty millenniums, its even more miraculous recovery.

Dr. Absolon says of it: "Some 'heretic,' some sacrilegious man, had deserted the religion of his fathers and, in defiance of all tradition, carved the portrait of a true face. The portrait shows a very noble, fine, animated face, a long, big nose, arched ridges over the eyes, and a long chin. (Study the three photographs—Ed.) How crude are the faces of present-day Australian aborigines or the pygmies of Central America compared with this! The face recalls some classical portrait from old Oriental civilization, or even a modern drawing, such as the head of Christ by the Dutch painter Jan Toorop. 'Night in the Cathedral'."

Divulsi man made pictures of himself. Most of them are caricatures, masks, or so-called anthropomorphic forms. We found two of these plastic caricatures in Ventnor. One represented a smiling, comic face, the second, an ugly face swollen as though by disease. Both of them are made from pulverized, burnt mammoth bone and beam. I showed a similar caricature of the face of a fossil man with an enormous nose found in the Pekarna Cave, carved out of reindeer horn. This alone is proof that these objects served for magic purposes in the conceptions of the superstitious visions. The culture of the mammoth and reindeer hunters was permeated by a belief in magic. Fossil man was able to draw or represent plastically Divulsi animals in their movements and even in dramatic scenes, and all so true to nature as to show artistic skill tantamount to genius!

The inept Divulsi artists were no doubt also capable of producing a drawing faithfully depicting the photographic semblance of a chief, the eldest gray-head, the most successful hunter, or of a mother, the most beautiful woman, nevertheless, the human face emerged from his workshop as a mask, a disfigurement, a grimace, a crazy visage, a caricature.

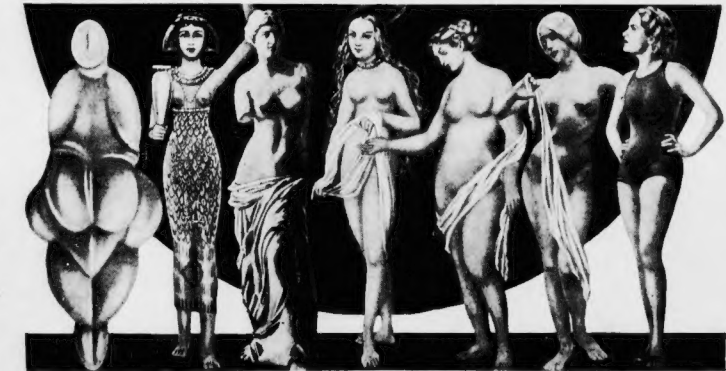
"Some vision must have restrained him in his creative impulse, some superstition, the dread of a catastrophe, of demons of a curse, of a malignant disease, or of death."

"This psychological enigma is an unsolved chapter in the mental life of Divulsi man, with some sort of analogy with the prehistoric 'taboo' or, earlier still, the 'totem.' Inner Asia is believed to be the original home of 'Totemism,' and it was, in fact, from thence

The Earliest Known Portrait of a Human Being by a Prehistoric Sculptor-Genius



Curious Sculpture of the Prehistoric Snake Goddess Found at Ruined Ur of the Chaldees



Ideal Feminine Beauty Down the Ages—a Stone Age "Venus," a Streamlined Egyptian, the Greek Venus de Milo, a 16th Century Venus, a Plump Lady Painted by Rubens, Popular 19th Century French Curves, and the Athletic Girl of 1937.

that the hordes of mammoth hunters spread westward.

"It can therefore be imagined what a surprise it was when this sculptured portrait was brought to light."

Most realistic touch, perhaps above the eyebrows is a ridge that might be a part of the hair which plainly is arranged in a little topknot.

In those days, everyone believed the success of the hunting depended largely upon the artists. All around, there were ghosts, some good and some bad. The good ghosts were willing enough to lead the hunters to herds of bison, or mammoths, and guide the spears so they would go straight into the animals and kill them.

The ghosts could do all sorts of marvellous things, but they were somewhat stupid. The only way to make them understand what was wanted was to draw pictures for them, and to get the best results the pictures had to be as lifelike as possible.

But only the carvings and drawings of animals could be lifelike. If an artist made a portrait of a man or of a woman that could be recognized, some evil spirit might be attracted by it, and then that person would be bewitched, the same way the animals were.

It was all right to make distorted little faces and figures of men and women. These were used in the religious ceremonies. They must always be twisted out of shape, so the evil spirits wouldn't get the idea they were meant to be any particular individual.

Some of these Stone Age statues of women are real works of art and compare favorably with the work being turned out nowadays by the surrealist and other somewhat cockeyed artists. But they were not meant

A Two-Thirds View of the Head, Greatly Enlarged from the Carving Whose Actual Size Is Two Inches. (All Three Photographs Supplied by Dr. Karl Absolon, Chief Discoverer of the Prehistoric Remains in Moravia.)

to be works of art. They were apparently used as charms, to win the favor of the spirits who controlled fertility and thus bring the tribe a lot of strong children.

A much later example of this type of talisman, or good luck charm, is the statuette of the snake-headed goddess, which is shown in the center of this page, holding a snake-headed baby in her arms. This only dates back 5,000 years, and was found in a grave near the site of Ur, the ancient city of the Chaldees, who worshipped this snake-headed goddess of fertility.

But in the old cave-men days, there was probably no other artist so skillful as the one who carved the little Stone Age Mona Lisa. No doubt, people would gather around, to watch him.

They had great respect for him. But they did not exactly like him. He was different, and they were afraid of him. Drawing was a kind of magic, and he was almost too clever with it. So he must have been lonely, and that made him work all the harder, and try to draw things as he really saw them, and not just the way everyone had drawn them before him.

The first Stone Age artists were really just commercial artists. Their pictures stimulated the principal business of those days, which was hunting. They did not work merely for art's sake. But this one was a creative genius, and he couldn't be satisfied with commercializing his talent. He wanted to do something new, and the restrictions, the taboos, must have irritated him.

He was undoubtedly a keen observer, and after awhile perhaps he noticed that the most successful hunt did not always come after he had drawn a particularly lifelike picture. Perhaps the hunters had the best luck after some other artist had drawn pictures nowhere near as good as his. The chief medicine man, who was probably also the chief art critic, could always explain a thing like that. Perhaps the spirits had been accustomed so long to the old pictures they became confused when he made them too realistic. So the tribe kept on believing in magic, but perhaps he lost faith in it. Or it may be that he simply became so much interested in his art he did not care about anything else. Artists are that way, sometimes.

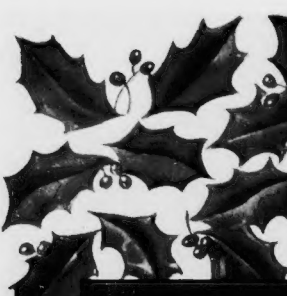
At any rate, he finally reached the point where he decided to throw discretion to the wind, and make the likeness of a human face. Anything that was animated fascinated him, and the most animated thing in the world was the human face. So it is natural for this genius to want to carve one. It isn't likely that the ivory face is the first one he ever carved—it shows too much skill for that. So perhaps he made a little face out of clay at first, working in secret. But unlike the other cave-men artists, he perhaps preferred to work with a model in front of him.

But who became his model? And why? Professor Charles W. Goodwin, the distinguished British anthropologist, may have given some clue to this.

"The cave-woman," says Prof. Goodwin, "perhaps had even greater need for brains than the cave-man. With her lesser strength she had to defend the home while the husband was away. She had to protect herself against the unrelenting attention of all sorts of callers, from the great cave bear to the husky rough-neck from another tribe. It must have taken an agile brain to keep an eye out for enemies, see that the food did not spoil or get stolen, watch her big and unruly crop of children."

No wonder she was a poor housekeeper.

(Continued on Page 20)



\$125⁰⁰ 17 jewels Model 2960



\$125⁰⁰ 21 jewels Model 2843



\$60⁰⁰ 19 jewels Model 2921



\$75⁰⁰ 17 jewels Model 2247



\$50⁰⁰ 19 jewels Model 2939



\$50⁰⁰ 21 jewels Model 2817



\$39⁷⁵ 17 jewels Model 2713



\$47⁵⁰ 17 jewels Model 2253



\$39⁷⁵ 17 jewels Model 2036



\$42⁵⁰ 17 jewels Model 2855



\$37⁵⁰ 17 jewels Model 2061



\$37⁵⁰ 17 jewels Model 1829



\$29⁷⁵ Model 2793



\$27⁵⁰ Model 2851



\$27⁵⁰ Model 2787



\$25⁰⁰ Model 1863



\$100⁰⁰ 17 jewels Model 2519



\$35⁰⁰ 17 jewels Model 2517



\$27⁵⁰ 15 jewels Model 547



★ ELGIN ★

suggests 19 bright
new ways to say

"Merry Christmas"

FESTIVE as holly and ribbons . . . lasting as your good wishes . . . sincere as the very spirit of Christmas. That is the perfect gift—that is a beautiful new ELGIN watch!

Most eagerly hoped-for this year will be the Lord Elgins and Lady Elgins. They are America's most distinguished timepieces.

The Lord Elgin wrist watches for men have 21 jewels . . . added guardianship for their traditional ELGIN accuracy. Peerless in their modern, masculine styling. Each is equipped with a 15-hour mainspring.

For women, see the Lady Elgins . . . the only 19-jeweled American watches created in the popular semi-lugnette size. Exquisitely cased in 14 karat solid or filled gold. Each of them is a fashion dream come true! And each of them is a revelation in thoroughly dependable timekeeping!

Like all ELGINS, these brilliant new timepieces are created by the perfect partnership of craftsmen and scientists. Flawless . . . timed directly to the absolute standard of the stars!

Let an ELGIN make this the most memorable of Christmases! Lord Elgins are reasonably priced from \$50; Lady Elgins from \$17.50. Other attractive ELGIN models are available at prices from \$13.50 to \$750.



Where Everybody in Town Can Join the Circus

Citizens of Fort Worth, Texas, Revert to Their Youthful Longings to Organize Their Own "Greatest Show,"

Welcoming Anybody Who Can Do a Turn ---And Most Everybody Turns Up With an Act



Virginia Montgomery, 16, Schoolgirl Artist, on the Balancing Ladder in One of the Community Circus' Most Spectacular Numbers

ASK any boy or girl in Fort Worth what they think of the Community Circus, and they'll tell you it's the greatest show in town. The show, which is the result of the efforts of a group of young people, is a real "Greatest Show," and it's the only one of its kind in the city.

The Community Circus is a real "Greatest Show," and it's the only one of its kind in the city. It's a show that is put on by a group of young people, and it's a show that is really a "Greatest Show."

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Pat Swanson, the Clown on the Left, Doubles Also as the Trapes Artist. Flanked by Brother Chorus, Who During Business Hours Are Doctors, Lawyers and Claim Adjusters, etc.

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Little Nellie Lou McDonald Tumbling With Professional Grace, While Bank Clerk Perry Line Wants to Catch Her.

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Louise Tindall, Rodeo Veteran and His Trained Horse "Sylvan"

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"Wilho" the Trained Bull, Taught by Ben Robinson to Jump Over a Gate of Fire

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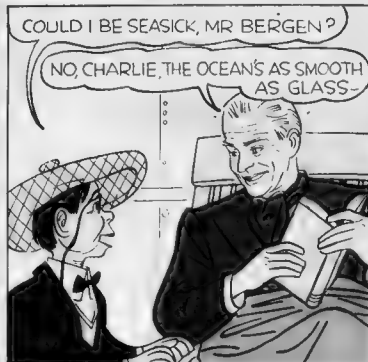
YOU CAN'T BE SEASICK, CHARLIE -

IS THAT SO? THEN THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE EH?

EDGAR BERGEN and CHARLIE McARTHY

"MORE TO BE PITIED THAN BLAMED"

Copyright 1937 by NEWMARKET Studios Inc.



Newest Devices to Cure the Auto Driver's "Mental Blindness"

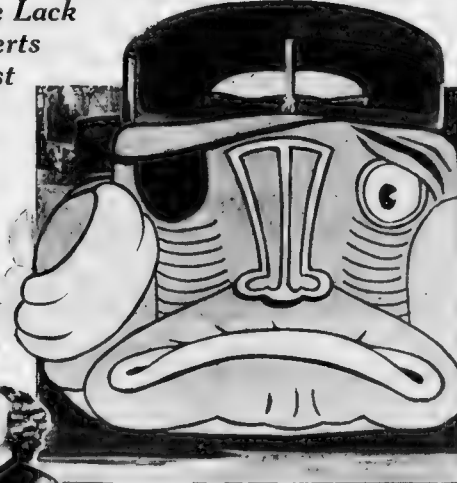
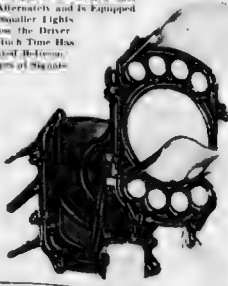
Odd Mechanical Inventions That Are Making Up for the Lack of Imagination Which Experts Say Is Responsible for Most Highway Casualties That Neither Penalties Nor Signs Could Curb



Somewhere in this country, every time that clock ticks off **THREE MINUTES**, one child is injured in an automobile accident —

Scene in the Children's Film in Which the Automobile Itself Delivers Its Message of Safety

Improved Type of Traffic Light in London Which Shows Red and Green Alternately and Is Equipped With Smaller Lights to Show the Driver How Much Time Has Elapsed Before the Change of Signals



One of the "Humanized Cars" Used in a Motion Picture Exhibited for Children by the Highway Education Board

At the very least, the child is the victim of the car's "mental blindness." The car, in fact, is the "blind" one, and the child is the "sighted" one. The car's "mental blindness" is the result of its lack of imagination, which is the cause of most highway casualties. The car's "mental blindness" is the result of its lack of imagination, which is the cause of most highway casualties. The car's "mental blindness" is the result of its lack of imagination, which is the cause of most highway casualties.



This Polished Chromium Mirror Set at an Angle Near a Curve in the Road Shows the Motorist Just What Is Ahead and Also Behind



In Paris Large Convex Reflectors at Street Corners Provide Drivers With a Full Rear View of the Street and Also a Partial View of What Lies Around the Corner

At the very least, the child is the victim of the car's "mental blindness." The car, in fact, is the "blind" one, and the child is the "sighted" one. The car's "mental blindness" is the result of its lack of imagination, which is the cause of most highway casualties. The car's "mental blindness" is the result of its lack of imagination, which is the cause of most highway casualties.



Above—New "Traffic Scope" at the Crest of a Hill Which Enables the Motorist to See Approaching Cars Coming Up in the Opposite Direction, and Below, a Close-up of the Reflected Image in the "Traffic Scope"

At the very least, the child is the victim of the car's "mental blindness." The car, in fact, is the "blind" one, and the child is the "sighted" one. The car's "mental blindness" is the result of its lack of imagination, which is the cause of most highway casualties. The car's "mental blindness" is the result of its lack of imagination, which is the cause of most highway casualties.

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Behind the Scenes at Monte Carlo



The Former King Edward VII When He Was Prince of Wales Shown at Monte Carlo, from Cartoon by "Bib."

CHAPTER IX.
By BARON CHARLES DE RICHTER.
(Concluded From Last Sunday)

THE roulette table is the great attraction for most people. It is the game, which makes possible gambling for those who have little to lose, giving them a vast amount of excitement and a fair return on their money. It is the game for those who love to gamble in an amateur way with a good chance of winning. There is a great variety in it: one can play full numbers, combinations of numbers, colors, corridors. It is possible to scatter chips of various denominations over a wide surface, with much chance that in the mass, one chip will bring in something.

Half the gamblers at Monte Carlo are women and roulette is their favorite game.

One of the interesting patrons of the Casino's roulette wheel is the Princess Lameyana, a wealthy resident of Paris, but a woman of considerable mystery. She is one of the most intrepid gamblers in Europe—and the astonishing thing is that she gives all her winnings to charity. I have never known anybody who had the confidence of the Princess or could explain why she swallows her losses but gives away her winnings. On one occasion she spent one spectacular evening in the Monte Carlo Casino and won \$35,000. The next day she mailed her check for that amount to one of the charities in Paris.

An amusing incident occurred during this period of her stay in Monte Carlo. She was approached by one of the innumerable hangers-on at the Casino, who had an interesting proposition to make to her.

"You play only for charity?" the man asked.

"That is true," replied the Princess.

"I have a system," said the stranger, impressively. "I can demonstrate it to your complete satisfaction if you will give me a half hour of your time. By means of this system one can't lose. The profits, I admit, are not great, but, with a capital of, say, a hundred thousand francs, it will be possible for me to guarantee you a thousand francs profit per day. I will work the system for you if you will provide the capital, for one-half of the profits. This will assure a regular income for your charities."

The Princess smilingly declined.

"I do not like sure things," she said. "I gamble for the love of it. I am not even interested in the money I win, except that it enables me to contribute to those charities in which I am interested."

Gamblers discussing this woman's remarkable luck in all forms of gaming have said that the very fact that she does not care much whether she wins or loses is the reason why she wins so often. Then again, they say, she has the perfect temperament for gaming. The absurdity of such reasoning reveals the childishness of the gambler's mind.

Another of the mystery figures of the Casino was a charming little American girl, a petit brunette of Southern beauty, with a beautiful figure and complete independence of manner. She lived in a small hotel at Mentone, drove into Monte Carlo every morning, and drove home again just before midnight. She never took into the Casino less than \$4,000. Every day throughout the year she gambled.

Towards the close of the year, however, some of the spirit vanished from her fine dark eyes, and the courage and determination seemed to go out of her firm little lips. Even an occasional day of triumph brought no happiness. But she went on playing, and when at last her resources were exhausted she was a loser to the extent of something like \$200,000.

No one saw anything unusual in her expression when she rose from the table for the last time, and no one guessed that she was never to enter the Casino again. Almost before she could be missed, the Riviera was startled by the report that she had committed suicide.

The real gamblers do not play roulette. They are never seen at those tables; baccarat alone interests them. Here millions are staked and lost and won. Here professional gamblers, such as the famous Greek Syndicate, find the field for operation on a big scale.

The Princess Fahmy Bey, Formerly Maggie Moller, a Paris Street Gamin, Shown in Some of the Jewelry Presented to Her by Her Egyptian Husband, Whom She Killed.

HERBERT PHOTO

The salons where roulette is played are always noisy; people wander about they talk, they laugh. It is an animated scene where the spirit of amusement prevails. The dollars who go in to win daily the two dollars necessary for mere existence are seldom disappointed. The newcomer in search of a little excitement willing to lose a few thousand francs is rarely disappointed; he finds gaiety, noise and excitement.

How different is the baccarat room. Upon entering it, you feel immediately a marked change. Perfect quiet prevails, not a word is spoken. Each player is concentrated on his game; there are no smiles, there is no laughter. In order to prevent distractions, a metal rail surrounds each table to keep mere onlookers and visitors at a distance. Only those who gamble are permitted within its protective circle. At Deauville some years back, even women were not admitted into the famous "salon prive" being regarded as a disturbing element. This rule was never applied in Monte Carlo, where the authorities recognized them as important factors in the gambling fraternity.

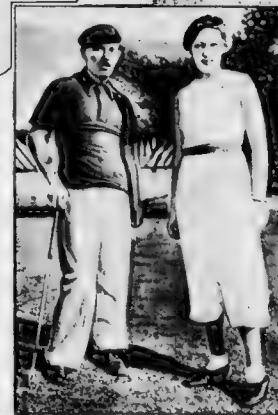
A player with unlimited means and that quick sixth sense, which is essential to baccarat with its two tables, can win fortunes at each game, since he can play without limiting his stakes. Such was the powerful position taken by the famous Greek Syndicate.

The Greek Syndicate is the robot of gambling. It plays to win. It was the Duke of Westminster who once characterized it as having "put sin into syndicate." It is a brilliant business enterprise built up on the extraordinary personality of one man, such as usually occurs in every business. And that personality is Zographos, for years the only one of the Syndicate to actually gamble, a barefaced-looking man, who does not seem to notice anything, nor to be interested in what is going on around the table. But how many times I have watched him; he knows at a glance what money there is on the tableaux. He makes no mistakes about asking for a card. He plays with a mechanical precision that is admirable and which never fails him.

But Zographos never plays for longer than one hour. At the end of that time, he gets up and goes for a walk, to rest after the powerful concentration of the game. When he returns he is fresh once again. A lean man, of middle height with greying hair and a small mustache, he takes his seat, and once again there comes over his face an expression of ineffable boredom. He is once again the robot of gambling with every nerve taut, every fibre of his being bent on the game.

Zographos lives simply. Indulgence in late suppers is unknown to him, for his principal daily meal consists of soup, vegetables, some stewed fruit and a bottle of mineral water. No champagne suppers come to cloud the lucidity of his brain. His success as the green table is due to this simplicity of living, which permits him to stand the strain of gambling with millions.

In order to explain the rise of the Greek Syndicate after the War, I must explain what gambling represented before 1914. Paris had many gambling places, called "cercles," which were open to the public, and in which dinners were served free in order to attract a clientele. Of course, nobody could come for the dinner and not play. It might be possible to do this once, twice, but the third time, the reception would not be so cordial. In these dens, women were not admitted and the general tone was low; cheating prevailed.



The Notorious Mr. Zographos, Head of the Famous Greek Gambling Syndicate, on the Deauville Golf Course with Princess Philippa de Bourbon.

"Yvette was the reigning courtesan of Monte Carlo at the time. She had fixed her mind on Zographos as a victim and was beseeching him. Not a disturbed and, without doubt, a sure thing. Zographos invited Yvette one night to the Knickerbocker Night Club. She always dressed in black. It happened that something went wrong with the electric light at the Knickerbocker that night, and the guests sat in the dark for about two minutes. When the lights went up, Yvette was in a panic. 'My pendant,' she screamed, it's gone. It's worth 300,000 francs!"

equally happy and equally well cared for. I think had it been possible to undress the courtesan, she would have done so. She did what was equally practical; she helped them all to find rich men. It was she who introduced the beautiful but poverty-stricken "Baby" Knudsen to Baron Jean Empain, one of the richest men in Europe, who only a few weeks ago married glamorous Rose-Zell Rowland, "Golden Girl" of the Broadway revues, details of whose romance will be found on another page of this magazine. "Baby" Knudsen became involved in a sensational suit against a medium to whom Yvette Laurent took her for advice. But that is another story.

At the time to which I am referring, Yvette was the reigning courtesan of Monte Carlo. She had fixed her mind on Zographos as a victim and was beseeching him. Not at all disturbed and without doubt, quite sure of herself, Zographos invited Yvette one night to the Knickerbocker Night Club. It happened that something went wrong with the electric light at the Knickerbocker that night, and the guests sat in the dark for about two minutes. When the lights went up, Yvette was in a panic.

"My pendant," she screamed, it's gone. It's worth 300,000 francs!"

A frantic search was made for the missing diamond bauble without result.

"Get me another!" she said to Zographos, casting him one of those melting looks that none of her other victims had ever witnessed. But Zographos remained cold, polite and indifferent. He had no intention of buying Yvette any jewels. I will tell you more about Zographos later. Yvette had many friends among the local journalists, so within a few days after this, there appeared little paragraphs in the newspapers, recounting the incident with the preposterous insinuations that Zographos was implicated in the disappearance of the expensive pendant. The whole developed into a particularly unsavory scandal, as a result of which Yvette was forbidden the Casino for about one and a half years; blackmail is a

Secrets of the Famous Gambling Den, Tricks of Thieving Croupiers, Daring Schemes to "Break the Bank," Revenge of Ruined Players, Scandals and Suicides

Revealed by
Baron Charles de
Richter, Former
Member of the
Casino Staff



Lady Mortimer Davis No. 2, Who Was Conspicuous at Monte Carlo for a Time.

The Promiscuous Mile, Yvette Laurent With Her Huge Great Dane on the Beach at Deauville.

all alle-
ted ker
white, which brought out the splendor of her jewels.
ent arena with the electric light at the Knickerbocker that night, and the
o minute. When the lights went up, Yvette was in a pance
s pose. It's worth 300,000 francs! Get me another," she said to Zographos.
ks that none of her other victims had ever withstood."

method of obtaining money that is particularly un-
popular with the Monte Carlo authorities.

I must finish the story of Yvette Laurent, for
I think just as she was the incarnation of the spirit
of today, so was her end typical of our epoch. Her
health undermined by excesses and by operations,
she had become dependent on an income of 300,000
francs promised to her by an old admirer. But
something went wrong. The money was no longer
forthcoming. Penniless, ill, she committed suicide a
few months ago in a small hotel in Monte Carlo.

When the medium, whom "Baby" Knudsen was
suing, evoked her spirit, Yvette's spook is supposed
to have dictated two lines of poetry.

"May my end serve as a lesson for all!"

I have paid the price for a life of vice."
Tristan Bernard, the well-known French play-
wright, tells the story of two lamas from Tibet,
who came to Monte Carlo. Upon returning to their
monastery, they told their fellow lamas that in
the Casino there is a room like a church. A re-
ligious cult prevails, strange words are spoken in
hushed voices; one person says seven, the second
person says nine.

Since baccarat is a game little known to Ameri-
cans, I will first explain how it is played before
telling the many tales of the baccarat tables.

There are two forms of baccarat: the chemin-
de-fer, in literal translation, the railroad, known
by all the English-speaking players under the name
of "shemy," and the baccarat with two tableaux
(sections).

Baccarat is always played with six packs of
cards, which are shuffled by the croupier and
placed in a shoe. When the cards run out, he re-
shuffles the six packs, called "preparing the salad,"
which he had been throwing aside into a special
receptacle, and the game continues.

In "shemy" the seats are numbered and there
are ten of them at each table. Nobody can take
a seat between these players, though people stand-
ing up behind them can place their stakes on the
table. The game starts by player No. 1 acting as
the banker and taking the shoe. He places a stake,

player No. 2, having looked at his cards, has the
privilege of asking for another card. It is here
that the great skill of the game enters, for it takes
keen judgment and a great understanding of cards
combined with a cool head to quickly decide
whether it is best to call on the cards in hand, or
risk asking for another card. Suppose the banker
wins, he gets his own 10,000 francs, plus the 10,000
francs that No. 2 and perhaps other players had
staked. The house gets 10 per cent of the sum on
the table, provided it is over 100 francs.

The role of the croupier is a mechanical one.
He announces the banker's stake and then keeps
track of the sums played against it, since these
must equal the original stake. He has a kind of
shovel, with which he rakes in the cards as they are
played, distributes the winnings, taking the house's
10 per cent, then when the shoe is empty "prepares
the salad" with the discarded cards and puts them
into the shoe once again. The banker remains
banker as long as he cares to play. When he wishes,
he passes the shoe to player No. 2, who has the
privilege of refusing to act as banker and can pass
the shoe on. The name of the game is derived from
the "railroad" character of the game in passing
from hand to hand.

Baccarat with two tableaux is played according
to the same broad principle. The table is divided
into two sections, called tableaux, the players in
each section forming an entity. The banker is
chosen differently. The bank is put up for auction
and the highest bidder gets it. He can either put up
a set stake, or else he plays banker with an un-
limited stake. Each tableau plays against him.
If his stake is limited, then the total of the stakes
at each tableau must equal his stake. If it is un-
limited, any amounts can be placed.

The banker then deals two cards to each ta-
bleau and two to himself. He can win or lose on
one tableau and not on the other. He can lose
on both, or win on both.

The word banco is the term pronounced by the
player playing against the banker, who places a
sum equal to the original stake.

of let us suppose 10,000
francs Player No. 2 against
whom he is playing can
either place an equal stake
or else any part of it he
wishes to play. Should he
place less, the rest of the
table can enter the game
until the total of 10,000
francs is reached, i. e. until
there is the same amount
as that staked by the bank-
er. The banker deals two
cards to his opponent and
two to himself. The two op-
ponents look at their cards
and the highest total wins.
There are naturally many
complications, such as 19
counting for zero and fig-
ures counting for 10. The

chance in your hand," he said, "you are your own
poker, which is more than you can say of races."
Since the Aga Khan is one of the world's big
race-horse owners, this was a particularly signifi-
cant remark, it seemed to me.

The great difference between Zographos and
the people who play for high stakes at the same
table with him, lies in the fact that he plays to win.
The others are all such rich men and women that
money means nothing to them and they play for
the excitement in order to get that thrill out of life,
which it does not offer them because they have all
that money can buy. Faults of judgment, nervous-
ness are among their worst enemies. How can they
measure up against the trained coolness of a
Zographos?

I remember one day, asking the Duke of West-
minster how he felt when he was gambling with
huge sums.

"The poker face is a misnomer," I continued,
"for I have never seen such stolidity as all you big
baccarat players manifest."

"Ah," answered the Duke with a smile, "my
face may be calm, but I wish you could see my feet!"

Why, at every coup, I crush my toes so tightly, that
a pair of socks only lasts me one night. They
simply leap to shreds!"

In that sanctum sanctorum, the baccarat room
of the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo where the big
money players have personal safes in the room to
keep their money, I have seen tables representing
people belonging to the millionaire class of all
nations.

The Prince of Wales, before he became King
Edward VIII for a brief period, was among the
most charming of players, for he never failed to
adhere to the rules of politeness that many others
sometimes forget. His "Excuse me" and "If you
please" won all hearts. It was Tristan Bernard,
the Mark Twain of French letters, who late one
night amused some of us, saying as he left:

"That young man (meaning the Prince) has
been saying very unpleasant things to me all
night."

"The Prince? Why, impossible!" came the
chorus.

"Oh, yes, he has. I've been playing against him,

and he kept on repeating to me 8 and 9, then 9 and
8 (winning numbers)—it was quite unpleasant."

I watched a rosy, smiling round-featured man
with the face of an overgrown boy, the late Andre
Citroen, the Henry Ford of that period, whose
cheap cars cluttered all from it roads while the
millions he earned from them were thrown negli-
gently on the green tables. All went well until one
night he lost 10,000,000 francs and this fact was
published in the newspapers by son enterprising
reporter. Astonishment was general for there was
something incongruous in so important an indus-
trial magnate flinging his money around in a gam-
bling resort. A few days later, there appeared an
announcement that Mr. Citroen had sworn never to
touch another card.

The inside of that story I was told, is that when
the announcement of his loss became public a
representative of the Bank of France, which was
backing Mr. Citroen's business, called on him.

"Suppose your workmen go on strike and ask
for an increase of one franc a day," he said looking
sharply at the automobile magnate, "what answer
can you give when it's reported that you've flung
away 10,000,000 in one night?"

Mr. Citroen did not need to be warned twice, al-
though it is said that he slipped off again and had
to be forcibly led away from temptation by his
wife. It is curious to remember this in view of the
crash the business suffered recently. Mr. Citroen
went bankrupt and his death saved further scandal.

The business was put on its feet in order to prevent
thousands of workmen losing their jobs by finan-
cial support from the Government, a large tire
company, one of the biggest creditors, and a few
others.

Next to him, how often I saw both Roszka and
Jenny Dolly, whose names first came into the lime-
light many years ago. Roszka Dolly later married
the son of Sir Mortimer Davis, the Canadian mil-
lionaire, who opposed the marriage and gave the
couple only an allowance of a few million to live on.
Such a sum ought to have sufficed. But Roszka
gambled. Her losses mounted into millions at the
baccarat tables.

Jenny's passion for gambling was equally ab-
sorbing. In a white dress, with a pearl necklace
worth several million francs and solitaire diamonds
of great size and brilliance on her fingers, she lost
and won at baccarat with a nonchalance that was
remarkable. It seemed as though the stream of
money could never end. But it did. Her jewels
were finally sold at auction in Paris by the Muni-
cipal Pawnshop for non-payment of interest. Her
chateau at Fontainebleau was sold, her gorgeous
house in Paris lost. It does not seem so long ago
when she asked Jean Gabriel Domergue to paint
some of the walls in gold leaf. Only five years ago
she created a sensation by winning 5,000,000 francs
at the Nice Casino.

"I've never done anything in a small way," she
said to me not so long ago. "When I got money,

Continued on Page 24

*Author of The White Cockatoo,
Murder By An Aristocrat, Etc.*

A black and white illustration of a man in a tuxedo standing in a doorway, looking down at a body on the floor. Two other people are visible in the background.

A black and white illustration depicting a dramatic scene. A man in a dark suit (Randy) and a woman in a dark, patterned dress (Donna) are shown in a physical struggle over a bag on the ground. The woman is leaning forward, reaching for the bag, while the man stands behind her, looking on with a concerned expression. A third person, wearing a dark dress and a hat, is lying face down on the ground nearby. A hat and a bag are also visible on the ground. The background is dark and indistinct, suggesting an outdoor setting at night. The style is reminiscent of classic pulp magazine illustrations.

[illegible]

But there was no one there.

He "Told it to the Marines"...in Two Days of Shouting!



ROBERT MONTGOMERY Explains How The Throat-Strain Of Acting Led Him To A Light Smoke—Luckies...



1. "THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL TREE-FOR-ALL between marines and sailors in my new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, 'Live, Love and Learn,'" says Robert Montgomery. "It all revolves around a painting that I—as the artist—am trying to protect. It's a harrowing moment on the screen but..."



2. "MAKING THAT SCENE was even more harrowing—for my voice and throat! All the takes and re-takes meant that I was yelling my head off for two solid days. So I certainly was grateful for Luckies! Tired though my throat was, I could still enjoy every puff of a Lucky. Several years ago..."



3. "WHEN I WAS A KID, playing in stock, I once did 70 different roles in 72 weeks! It was at that time I learned how important it is to choose a cigarette that's easy on the throat." (The answer is Luckies because the exclusive "Toasting" process removes certain irritants found in all tobacco.)



4. "I'VE SMOKED LUCKIES for 7 years now. I find that Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy prefer them, too. At the studio I appreciate most that they are always gentle to my throat. Between chukkers of polo—my favorite sport—well, the flavor of Luckies means a lot to me then."

With Men Who Know Tobacco Best

It's Luckies 2 to 1

SURELY, men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco are the best judges of tobacco quality.

And now, sworn records available for your inspection show that, among independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strikes has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined!

This is the verdict of tobacco men—auctioneers, buyers,

warehousemen, etc.—not connected with any cigarette manufacturer. In the honest judgment of the men who know tobacco best...

it's Luckies—2 to 1.

The American Tobacco Co.



Have You Heard The Chant of The Tobacco Auctioneer?

Listen to: "YOUR HOLLYWOOD PARADE" with Dick Powell
Wed. over NBC Red Network, 10 p. m., E. S. T.

"YOUR HIT PARADE"—the 10 hit songs
of the week—Sat. over CBS, 10 p. m., E. S. T.

"YOUR NEWS PARADE" with Edwin C. Hill,
Mon. thro Fri. over CBS, 12:15 p. m., E. S. T.

Here's your lucky answer to what she'd love for Christmas!

Lady Esther's

NEW CHRISTMAS GIFT-SETS

thrill on sight, the heart of every woman!
They're new in spirit! New in value! All newly-
created by Lady Esther whose cosmetics
are prized so highly by millions of women!



SET I

Lady Esther's
Christmas Treasures \$1.10
Lady Esther 55c Face
Cream and 55c Face
Powder in lovely peach
and blue boudoir case.
Can you imagine a
more perfect gift for
any woman?



SET II

Lady Esther's
Travel Case . . . 40c
Lady Esther Face
Cream, Face Powder,
Lipstick, and Rouge, in
travel sizes, with FREE
Purse-Tube of Face
Cream, in dainty peach
and blue gift case.



SET III

Lady Esther's
Beauty Bonnet . . . \$1.65
Lady Esther 55c Face
Cream, 55c Face Pow-
der, and 55c Lipstick,
presented in an ex-
quisite satin-lined
boudoir case. A certain
young lady will love it.



SET IV

Lady Esther's
Luxury Case . . . \$2.20
Lady Esther 55c Face
Cream, 55c Face Pow-
der, 55c Lipstick, and
55c Rouge, in ex-
quisite new satin-lined
boudoir case. It spells
luxury in loveliness.



By Lady Esther

6 More of my Gay New Gifts...



SET V Lady Esther Face Cream, Face Powder and Rouge, in tin or sizes, with FREE purse-tube of Face Cream. 30c

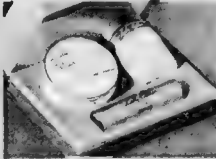


SET VI Lady Esther Lipstick, Face Powder and Rouge, in tin or sizes, with FREE purse-tube of Face Cream. 30c



SET VII Lady Esther Face Powder and Lipstick, in medium or large sizes, with FREE purse-tube of Face Cream. 40c

You'd be surprised at the thousands of women who told Lady Esther how thrilled they'd be with one of these combinations!



SET VIII Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder in mid size sizes, with FREE purse-tube of Face Cream. 40c



SET IX Lady Esther Face Cream, Face Powder and Lipstick, in junior sizes, with FREE purse-tube of Face Cream. 30c



SET X Lady Esther Cream and Lady Esther Face Powder, in junior sizes. 20c

USE COUPON IF YOUR DEALER IS OUT OF SETS

LADY E. 11216, Chicago, Illinois

Please cut me through the nearest Lady Esther store the 14th with 1 Christmas Gift sets. I am enclosing money order for stamps to cover the price of each.

Sets I	\$4.10 each	Sets VI	40c each
Sets II	40c each	Sets VII	40c each
Sets III	\$1.65 each	Sets VIII	40c each
Sets IV	\$2.20 each	Sets IX	30c each
Sets V	30c each	Sets X	20c each

Name _____ State _____

The Golden Rule

by Mignon G. Eberhart

Author of *The White Cockatoo*, *Murder By An Aristocrat*, etc.

(Continued from Page 18)

"Randy!"

"What are you doing?"

"I was just looking at the door. I thought I saw something."

"What?"

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OWN A ROYAL PORTABLE ON YOUR OWN TERMS!



FREE HOME TRIAL for every member of the family! Without making a cent's payment, you can have a Royal portable typewriter for a full month. If you like it, you can buy it on your own terms. If you don't like it, you can return it for a full refund.

ONLY A FEW CENTS A DAY!

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ACT NOW!

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Want a Hug and Kiss for Christmas

★ What'll you have for Christmas? A man who gives you a big hug and kiss? All ladies who vote for the latter please line up at the Williams gift counter.

Smart, yes... also useful and essentially masculine - welcome in any home on Christmas morning. This year be certain. Don't take chances on not satisfying - give that man of yours a gift he can USE!

Mrs. Williams Shaving Cream. Get them now in any of these handsome Gift Packages.

Please attend to this business early, while stores are still well stocked and buying is fun. Save yourself weary footsteps and endless hunting - get HIM a Williams Gift Set!

COMPLETE FOR \$1

ANOTHER GREAT GIFT SET any man will appreciate. It has a Shave Cream, Shaving Brush, Shaving Cream, and a Shaving Cream. It also contains a Shaving Cream, a Shaving Brush, and a Shaving Cream.

GENUINE WILLIAMS SHAVING SOAP

Contains the famous Williams Shaving Soap. It is an absolute necessity for every man's toilet.

WILLIAMS TRAVELING CASE

Contains a complete set of shaving tools. It is a perfect gift for any man who travels.

COMPLETE FOR \$1

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The Oldest Woman's Face in the World

(Continued from Page 19)

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Gifts for Gentlemen by Williams

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Save money now

ENJOY SUMMER FRESHNESS

IN YOUR WINTER MENUS

This is the week to buy California Cling Peaches in dozen or case lots. Look for this sign—it identifies the grocer who will make it worth while to stock up your pantry now.

California Canned Cling
PEACH Stock-up WEEK
 BE SURE OF PLENTY THIS WINTER
 COOPERATIVE DEALER
BUY NOW

Now's your chance to get ready for the cold days ahead—to provide dozens of ways to sparkle-up drab winter meals with refreshing summer touches—to give a real lift to many a humble "left-over." With Peaches it's so easy!

And just think of the money you save! Any thrifty menu or any thrifty dish takes on luxury looks and luxury flavor when it's made or served with Cling Peaches. On top of that, Canned Peaches are real buys at today's prices.

Grocers everywhere have spotted this opportunity. And they're featuring California Canned Cling Peach "Stock-Up" week right now. It will pay you to see your own grocer within the next few days. He's offering you Cling Peaches in two convenient styles—delicate Slices and juicy golden Halves. In many sizes of cans under various brand names.

Here's summer sunshine, indeed, for your winter table! And, at present prices, economy for your winter budget!

Free: Recipes, menus, 101 helps for the clever hostess and thrifty wife. Write for your copy of the Peach Recipe Book to the California Canning Peach Industry, Dept. P-61 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

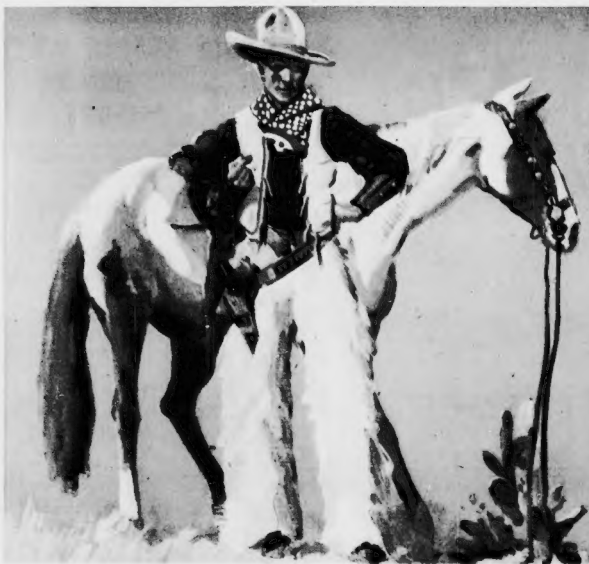


*You can always
count on*

CLING PEACHES

California Cling Peaches

are superior strains of fruit, especially developed for canning and to give you the finest in texture, looks and flavor.



EVEN THE LONE COWBOY HAS QUIT!

Why don't you take a tip from this fellow and stop mixing your own cocktails just as he has stopped rolling his own cigarettes? . . .



OUTSTANDING CELEBRITIES ENDORSE HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS. YOUR FRIENDS WILL PREFER THEM, TOO!

Says EDWIN C. HILL



Celebrated Reporter, Radio Commentator, Globe Trotter.

"I'm hard to please when it comes to cocktails. Only a few expert barmen can mix them just right for me. That's why I always have a few bottles of Heublein's superlative, ready-mixed CLUB COCKTAILS handy. . . . You'll enjoy them as much as I do when you've tried them. I'm sure."

Says FRANK BUCK



Noted Wild Animal Catcher, author and authority on Jungle Life.

"Bring 'Em Back Alive' applies to cocktails, too. I've seen many a cocktail party sag, 'go dead' while the host disappeared for kitchen cocktail-mixing. I never encounter this slump. When guests start to droop, it's easy to 'Bring 'Em Back Alive' with Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS. Always ready quickly to ice and pour."

Says HENRY CLIVE



Popular New York Artist, whose colorful covers appear on this magazine.

"When my day's work is done, Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS fill an important niche in my studio. I keep a good supply of every variety on hand, because I've found that they receive applause, alike, from distinguished visitors and important clients, as well as from my most intimate friends. Always ready — and perfectly mixed — Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS make it possible to serve any number of guests their favorite cocktails in a flash! To me, they are the answer to a busy man's prayer."

CONVENIENCE! That's why folks across the land welcome Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS as truly modern aids to gracious living. Then why not say "Merry, Merry" this holiday season in this distinctive and delightful way? Why not send, as your gift-greeting, these delicious cocktails ready-mixed in the bottle? These are America's finest cocktails. Made of costliest ingredients! Mixed by veteran flavor-masters! Smooth! Rich! Mellow! Eighteen to twenty bumper drinks, with proper icing, to the bottle! Drinks such as only top-flight barmen can mix! Drinks that not one home-mixer in ten thousand can duplicate! Eight quality-leading varieties to choose from! Priced to put no strain on your purse! Order selections from your dealer early, next week if possible, and avoid the last-minute shopping rush.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN.

EXTRA DRY MARTINI (70 proof)

The driest of dry Martinis — Milshire Distilled Dry Gin and imported Vermouth.

DRY MARTINI (71 proof)

Milshire Dry Gin with two kinds of imported Vermouth. . . . just enough of the sweeter variety to temper the extreme dryness of the Extra Dry Martini.

MARTINI (Medium Sweet) (60 proof)

Milshire Dry Gin and imported Vermouth of the sweeter type.

MANHATTAN (65 proof)

Heublein uses a rich, mellow, specially selected blended whiskey as a base. The true Italian Vermouth makes this a delightful cocktail.

BRONX (60 proof)

A cocktail appealing to many who like a fruit taste with the true flavor of Milshire Gin.

OLD FASHIONED (80 proof)

Popular cocktails, made from blended whiskeys selected for their richness of bouquet and flavor.

SIDE CAR (60 proof)

A very popular cocktail made with cognac brandy of our own importation, expertly blended into one of the smoothest and tastiest cocktails in our many years' experience.

DAIQUIRI (70 proof)

Made from specially selected rum and lime cordial, mixed in proper proportions to produce a rum cocktail of appealing flavor and bouquet.

At all state operated and other liquor stores

Prepared and bottled by G. F. Heublein & Brother, Hartford, Conn.

B. HEUBLEIN & HARTFORD

A MILLIONAIRE GIFT AT A THIN-PURSE PRICE

Visit your favorite liquor store before the rush is on and select his gift from these eight money-saving CLUB COCKTAILS varieties

WHY DON'T YOU SWITCH TO COCKTAILS, TOO?

Cocktails have come to be accepted nationally as the most gracious form in which to serve liquor. Wherever smart folk gather and polite sociability sparkles, there you'll find cocktails getting first call every time. Undoubtedly, this accounts in no small measure for the steadily increasing popularity of CLUB COCKTAILS. For CLUB COCKTAILS are now quite generally recognized as cocktails at their very best.



HEUBLEIN'S THE CLUB COCKTAILS

JUST ICE AND SERVE ★ JUST ICE AND SERVE

MILSHIRE DRY GIN

The same high quality gin used (where gin is called for) in Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS may be purchased under the celebrated name of MILSHIRE DRY GIN. This is the gin with one finer aroma and flavor that distinguishes it everywhere. Why not stop experimenting and insist upon MILSHIRE next time? You're sure to prefer it, too. (90 proof — distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.)



Canned Salmon--A Good Low-Cost Meat

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

A DISCRIMINATING house-keeper is up against it. Sometimes to make her budget cover meat as often as she feels it necessary. Experiments have shown that canned salmon contains many essential nutrients, including fat, protein, calcium, phosphorus and iodine. It has been found to contain Vitamin A, Vitamin D and the pellagra preventive, Vitamin G. By extending the flavor of canned salmon with combinations of less expensive foods, delicious dishes of great variety can be achieved. Bread-crumbs, macaroni, rice, peas, carrots and tomatoes as well as bread and other bland foods seem to have a sort of natural affinity for salmon, and there are literally scores of ways to prepare the combinations.

One of the best and simplest ways to prepare canned salmon is as follows: Drop the can into boiling water and boil for 10 or 15 minutes or until hot throughout. Open the can carefully, slide the salmon onto a hot serving-dish and pour the juice from the can around it. Do not throw away any of the juice from the can. If you do not use it as a sauce or gravy, reserve it for seasoning. Garnish the salmon with watercress or parsley and lemon cups or hard-cooked sliced eggs. Serve with any desired sauce if you do not use the juice as a sauce. Cream, Bechamel, egg, tomato, cucumber, shrimp and green pea sauces are all delicious with salmon and may be varied in many ways.

Rice and Salmon.
BOIL 1½ cups rice until tender in boiling salted water. Drain and pack lightly into a buttered bread mold. Let stand in warm place to keep hot. Melt 4 table-

spoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 2 cups rich milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Season to taste with salt and pepper. 2 teaspoons lemon juice and 2 teaspoons sherry seasoning and thicken slightly with 1 egg yolk. Add 1½ cups of salmon and ½ cup canned or sautéed mushrooms. Pour into the rice mold. Garnish with 2 or 3 hard-cooked eggs cut into quarters lengthwise.

Salmon and Asparagus

With Sour Cream.

DRAIN a can of green asparagus tips and lay them in a buttered shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Break 1 can of salmon into large flakes and place on the asparagus. Pour 1 cup sour cream over the salmon. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and bake until hot. Serve immediately.

Melange (of Fish and Rice).

MELT 4 tablespoons butter. Add 2 cups flaked cooked fish and stir gently. Add 1 cup cooked rice, the finely-chopped whites of 2 hard-cooked eggs, salt and pepper to taste and a little paprika. Stir gently or shake until hot, and serve on a flat dish with the hard-cooked whites of 2 or 3 eggs pressed through rice, over the top.

Salmon Pie.

COOK 1 minced onion in 2 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add 1½ tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Have ready a half-pound can of salmon and ½ cup canned or sautéed mushrooms. Arrange alternate layers of the salmon and mushrooms in a buttered baking dish. Pour the sauce over them.

seasoning as desired with salt and pepper. Have ready 5 or 6 hot, boiled potatoes. Press through potato-riper, add 4 tablespoons sautéed onion or milk, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt and pepper to taste. Beat until light. Pipe lightly on the fish and mushrooms and bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, until delicately browned.

Salmon Loaf.

MELT 2 cups flaked cooked salmon and 2 well-beaten eggs. 4 tablespoons melted butter, ½ cup fine bread-crumbs, salt and pepper to taste and, if desired, a little minced parsley. Pour into a greased mold and steam about 1 hour. When cold, arrange on chilled platter and garnish with lemon or cucumber and parsley.

Creamed Finnan Haddock.

(By Request).

MELT 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup milk, a few grains pepper and ½ teaspoon salt. Stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add 1 cup flaked finnan haddock, colored and serve. To prepare the finnan haddock: Soak the fish in cold water for ½ hour. Drain, cover with cold water and bring to boiling point. Reduce heat and simmer gently for ½ hour. Drain, rinse and, with a fork, separate the fish into flakes.

Freshly-Grated Horseradish Dressing (By Request).

MIX ½ cup vinegar, ½ tablespoon salt, a few grains white pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon onion juice, a few drops Tabasco sauce, 3 tablespoons freshly-grated horseradish and 1 cup salad oil. Chill and shake well just before serving.

Salmon Soufflé.

MELT 1½ cups flaked salmon and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pour 2 cups scalded milk over 1 dozen broken saltines. Add 1 tablespoon onion juice, a few grains pepper, salt to taste, and, if de-

sired, a few grains nutmeg. Add the salmon and 2 well-beaten egg yolks. Fold in 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 degrees, 30 to 40 minutes.

Salmon with Egg Sauce.

DROP a can of salmon into boiling water and boil until hot. Open and slide out onto a hot serving platter. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup

milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Season to taste with salt and pepper and add a little cream or liquid from the salmon can. Add 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs and pour over the salmon.

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American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3776 EVERY TOT WILL JUST ADORF THIS DAINTY PROCK FOR SCHOOL OR PRESCHOOL. SIZE HOW RU-RAC! ACCENTS ITS PANEL AND COLLAR! Designed for children's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch fabric and ¾ yard 36-inch bias.

Pattern 3779 A NEW GUTTIE FOR INFANT DOLLY IS THIS EIGHT-PIECE LAYETTE THAT'S AS STYLISH-RIGHT AS A REAL BABY'S A GRAND GIFT FOR A LITTLE GIRL! Designed for dolls measuring 10, 12, 14 and 16 inches. For individual yardages see pattern.

Pattern 3780 THESE DAINTY "INDIES" ARE YOURS FOR THE MAKING AND EASY MAKING, TOO! BOTH SLIP AND PANTIES GUARANTEE SMOOTH LINER! Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 38 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3781 MOTHERS SURE TO LOOK BLENDING IN THIS FLATTERING PANEL-PROCK, WITH ITS BECOMING V-NECKLINE AND LONG OR SHORT SLEEVES! Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 38 requires 4½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3782 IT'S JIFFY CROCHET—DONE

IN NO TIME IN FOUR STRANDS OF STITCHING IN ONE OR IN TWO COLORS. Pattern 3782 contains directions for making a dolly as well as a scarf in the design shown. Material requirements, an illustration of the dolly and of all stitches needed, as well as a photograph of a section of the dolly.

Pattern 3781 NEWER THAN NEW—THIS DEBONAIR LITTLE PROCK WITH SOFTLY GATHERED BODICE AND TRIM PETER PAN COLLAR. STUNNING IN SYNTHETIC. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

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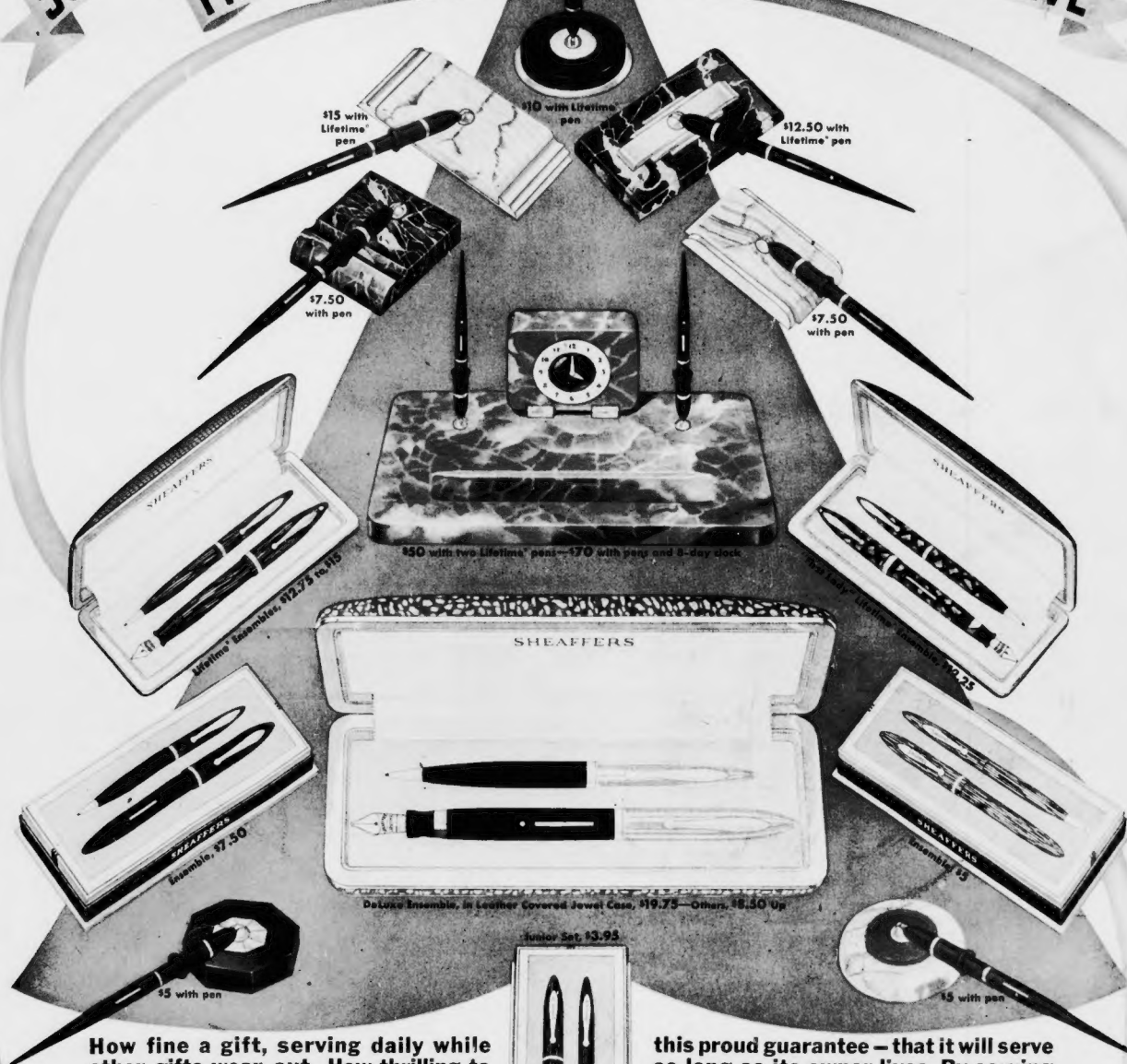
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